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The One Great Society:

A Book of Recollections

By
FREDERICK LYNCH, D. D.
Author of "The Challenge," "The New Opportunities of the Ministry," "What Makes a Nation Great?" etc., etc.

"There is one great society alone on earth,
the noble living and the noble dead."
— *Wordsworth.*

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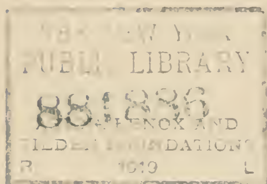

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Introduction

IT has been my good fortune to be thrown into contact with great men from earliest childhood. My boyhood home, in Peace Dale, Rhode Island, was just across the little lake from the great stone house where lived one of the greatest and most original geniuses America has produced, Rowland Gibson Hazard, metaphysician and manufacturer. He was perhaps the first great man upon whom my eyes ever fell. But not only did I see him almost daily until I went off to Yale College in 1890, I also saw the guests who came to his home. They included the authors and statesmen of America and Europe. It was no uncommon thing for a native of the little village of Peace Dale to pass such men as Herbert Spencer, William Ellery Channing, George Park Fisher and James B. Angell taking a morning stroll about the streets. When I was about twelve I first saw Edward Everett Hale and I saw him every summer thereafter. He had his summer home about four miles from our house, and used frequently to preach in the village church.

I was ready for college in 1886, having fitted in the village high school, but was unable to matriculate until 1890 owing to family reasons. During these four years I was in the office of the Peace Dale Manufacturing Company, and during the last year of the four acted as secretary to Mr. Hazard, then in his eighty-eighth year. But every winter I took a

short vacation, which I spent in Boston. (When, ten years later, I became pastor of the Congregational Church in Lenox I resumed this habit and spent a month of every year—generally March—in Boston, where I made good use of letters of introduction to many famous men.) But during these visits, as a boy, I had very happy times going from one preacher to another. I heard Phillips Brooks, George A. Gordon, Edward Everett Hale, Alexander McKenzie, Charles F. Ames, Francis G. Peabody, Joseph Cook and many others. Not only did I hear them, but I had long talks with them. Those vacations were among the most delightful days of my life.

When, in 1890, I went to Yale University it was to remain for eight years, although I did not know this at that time. They were eight years of some study, infinite reading, and much listening to great men. Hardly a lecturer visited the great University during the eight years that I was there—and almost every scholar, author and famous preacher of America came, as well as distinguished visitors from abroad—whom I did not hear. I was always as much interested in personality as in thought, and I took pains to seek out lecturers whom the average undergraduate or even professional student never thought of going to see. I found them invariably cordial, and I made some friendships which persisted many years. During my last two years at New Haven I acted as assistant pastor to Dr. Theodore T. Munger, of the United Church. His home was a rendezvous for famous men. Author as well as preacher, he was the intimate friend not only of

preachers but also of poets, critics and scholars. At his home one could almost always find some man of international fame—Ian Maclaren, Richard Watson Gilder, Principal Fairbairn, Henry van Dyke. While I was assistant at the United Church the evening services were conducted by the Men's League of the church, and here again I was brought into contact with the greatest minds of the time. The aim of the League was to bring to the church Sunday nights the most profound thinkers of the day to address the men on some religious or social problem. A remarkable succession of men appeared. The League coöperated with the college chapel and often the college preacher of the morning was the speaker at the United Church in the evening. Those great congregations rise before me now as they sat—and stood—hanging upon the words of such men as—to name those that first rush to my mind—Gordon, Eliot, Bradford, Rainsford, Abbott, Justice Brewer, Briggs, van Dyke, Gunsaulus, Bishop Potter, Gladden, Booker T. Washington, Parkhurst, Faunce, Hyde, Bishop Vincent, Lyman, Slicer, Winchester, John Fiske, Charles Cuthbert Hall—and many other men equal in reputation to these. The care of these men in some degree fell to me as assistant pastor. I arranged the dates with them and often met them upon their arrival in New Haven. I frequently saw them at Dr. Munger's home on Saturday evenings and listened to delightful talk. I often saw them to the hotel or the home where they were staying, and many times I remained to talk.

In 1898 I became pastor of the Congregational

Church in Lenox, Mass. Here, while meeting very many interesting people who came as guests to the great villas which lie everywhere on the hillsides facing either Laurel Lake or the Stockbridge Bowl, I did not come in contact with so many authors, publicists or preachers. As I said above, it was my habit to spend the month's vacation in Boston, and there I met and talked with many interesting men. But after five years in Lenox, years in which I passed the long days of winter reading innumerable books and the days of summer in walks over the delectable mountains, I came to New York, to the Pilgrim Church. It was a church with a famous history and a congregation of delightful people. Here I might have remained as long as I did and, if I had confined myself to the routine of parish duties, not have met intimately many of the great men with whom I have since come intimately in contact.

But here again things happened for which I never planned. I began writing a weekly page for *The Christian Work* (which had absorbed *The Evangelist* and *The Observer*). One of the editors died and I undertook the writing of the editorials until a new editor should be found. I have continued writing them ever since, and when, in 1913, Dr. Hallock died, I bought the paper. As publisher of a great religious journal I have been thrown into closest contact with the writers and preachers of this land as well as of Europe. But another thing happened of still greater significance in this particular direction.

About fifteen years ago I preached some sermons on international peace. I believed then, as I do now,

that there is no reason why nations cannot settle their disputes as do gentlemen, by judicial processes, rather than by guns, knives, teeth and claws. These sermons happened to reach the eyes of Albert K. Smiley, of Lake Mohonk, who straightway invited me to the next Conference on International Arbitration. I visited Lake Mohonk the following June and found there over three hundred of the most eminent men and women of the United States. I have missed but one of these conferences since that time and I have seen many great men come and go. I returned from that first conference very enthusiastic over the possibility of substituting judicial processes for war in the settlement of international disputes. Before long four or five of us, who had been at Lake Mohonk, met and organized the New York Peace Society. Among those present—we met in the chapel of the Broadway Tabernacle Church—were Oscar S. Straus, Samuel T. Dutton, Ernst Richard (who had called the meeting), and myself.

We organized with Mr. Straus as president and Professor Dutton as secretary. Shortly afterwards Mr. Straus was made a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet and Mr. Carnegie succeeded him as president of the New York Peace Society. (My first real acquaintance with Mr. Carnegie began on the day when, with Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson and Dr. Hamilton Holt, I waited upon him to ask him to accept the presidency of the New York Peace Society. He was very delightful that day and talked as only he can talk when in a playful mood.) I became one of the first members of

the executive committee, and from that day on began an intimate acquaintance with many of the leading publicists of America and Europe. Every summer I went to Europe to the International Peace Congresses, held from year to year in different cities of the continent, or in London. I attended meetings of the Interparliamentary Union and was also present at the Second Hague Conference. In time I took part in organizing the Peace and Arbitration Commission of the Federal Council of Churches, and later, when Mr. Carnegie committed $2,000,000 to a board of trustees which he called The Church Peace Union—the money to be spent for furthering international good will through the churches—I became its secretary. All of this work has brought me into contact with the leaders, writers and prophets of the last twenty-five years, and it has been a source of great delight.

It has been suggested by my friends, from time to time, that I share some of the visits and talks with these men, with those who have not been so fortunately circumstanced as myself. Finally, I have consented to do this upon solicitation of my publishers. The only thing that has led me to hesitate has been modesty. But, after all, it has been fortune, rather than any particular merit of my own, that has so ordered my life that I have seen at close range many of the Lord's anointed. Let me say in concluding that it seems wiser, on the whole, to confine these reminiscences to the dead.

F. L.

New York.

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I

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

MY acquaintance with Dr. Hale, as with Mr. Hazard, began in boyhood. He had a summer home about four miles from Peace Dale. It faced the ocean and behind it rose the Laurel Hills. I do not know that they ever had any other name. But there were several miles of these hills, covered with laurel, and among them were lakes around whose swampy shores grew acres of rhododendron trees. In the open fields were great patches of trailing arbutus. As a boy of fourteen I began going to these hills for arbutus, and later, in midsummer, I used to make occasional excursions to the beach which Dr. Hale's house faced. I first saw Dr. Hale on this beach. He came running down across it in a bathing suit and plunged into the surf. He made a striking figure with his leonine head, and the great mass of hair tossing in the wind. After he had been in the surf a while he rushed back to his house. I was greatly impressed because this was the author of "A Man Without a Country" and "In His Name," two stories at that time very much on everybody's lips.

It was two years before I again saw him. This time it was in the village church. The pastor had

gone away for a month's vacation and Dr. Hale drove over to preach on the first Sunday. I knew him the moment I entered the church. I remember the sermon well. It is one of the first sermons that I can recall. It was on "Angels." Every one was an angel who ran errands for God. Angels were messengers of the Father and the great thing was to try to be an angel here—not to wait for some other world. It had the simplicity of greatness. After the service I happened to be among those whom he greeted, and I told him how much I had enjoyed his story "In His Name." I never dreamed as he went away that some day out in the great world I was to work in intimate relation with him. Indeed, I did not know then that I was ever going out into the great world.

During the next few years before I went to college I saw him occasionally and I always went to hear him preach in his church—the South Church—on my winter trips to Boston. Sometimes I spoke to him and he remembered me as coming from Peace Dale. Then I went to college and for many years I did not visit Peace Dale except for short stays. While I was at Yale he came to New Haven only once. It was to preach in a special series of sermons being offered by a small group of Unitarians in a little hall in Chapel Street, near the University. The hall was overcrowded, and I had to stand in a corner, pinned against the wall. This time it was a presentation of the liberal gospel and the three phrases continually on his lips were Fatherhood of God, Abundant Life, Brotherhood of Man. The

sermon made a profound impression on me, and for many days I could not escape it. When, eight years afterwards, I began going to Boston for a month each winter, while I was pastor of the Lenox Congregational Church, I renewed the old acquaintance, and used frequently to hear him preach.

It was when I began to go to Lake Mohonk, to the annual Conferences on International Arbitration, that I began to have long talks with him. He was for many years very prominent at these Conferences. It was he who brought down the ridicule of the Conference upon himself by prophesying that before he died all the governments of the world would be together in a peace conference. The idea was as fantastic even to that group of peace experts as a prophecy of immediate disarmament would have been. But it was not three years after Dr. Hale's remarkable utterance that the Czar called the nations together at The Hague. Dr. Hale was always a generation ahead of the people. He was a true prophet—a prophet in looks too, for he had the head and eyes of a seer. His voice was also authoritative. He was always prophesying things that came to pass not many years afterwards. This was what made him so interesting a preacher. It is what makes any preacher interesting.

One of the first long talks I ever had with him was on preaching. I was sitting on the porch of the Lake Mohonk House after a morning session. Dr. Hale came out with his old slouch hat on and with a staff in his hand. "I'm off for an hour's walk; come along," he said as he passed me. I joined him

and he talked to me for an hour without stopping to breathe. I got much fatherly advice. I was just beginning my ministry; he had been preaching forty years and more. I recall some of his words very well. He was talking about preachers. He was very brusque: "The trouble with the average preacher is that he has no gospel. There is no excuse for going up into a pulpit unless you have got a gospel you want to shout to the people. Most ministers go up timidly saying, 'I will tell you what some one said three thousand years ago,' or 'Let me explain this verse of Scripture to you,' or 'Let me raise this question of Miracles with you.' The real preacher gets his message straight from God and goes up into the pulpit and shouts: 'Thus saith the Lord and thus say I.' The result is people listen. The newer the message the harder they listen. The first thing a young minister ought to do is to get his gospel. The divinity schools teach him all the gospels of the past and it is good to know them. Then he must get his own gospel, and he can't preach until he gets it. When he has got it let him speak it night and day, fearing nothing except God."

Dr. Hale delivered himself of all this and much more with great gusto, and I had only to ask one question to start him off again. I think I knew his views about the ministry pretty well before we got back to the hotel. He thought the younger generation of ministers would be more prophetic because they were touching life more closely. The older ministers knew the thought of the day and knew men in their homes. They did not, however, get so closely

in touch with the great social movements as did the younger ministers. And this touch with the people would humanize their gospel.

This word "humanize the gospel" leads me to record another conversation on this same theme. Dr. Hale was at Mohonk every spring and sometimes in the autumn, and I had many talks with him. I drew him out on theology, charity—he was one of the inspirers of the whole charitable movement in this country, and his "Lend-a-Hand Society" was a darling child—peace, the labour problem, the future of the Church, and many other themes. He believed in philosophy and theology, for he was, of course, a scholar, and his great brain ranged through all fields. But he was impatient of confounding theology with the gospel: "The gospel is a fact and the simplest fact in all the world," he said in the conversation to which I refer. "The preacher's task is to proclaim this fact. And this fact is that we are all in the hands of the good Father, we are all His children and nothing can really harm us either here or in eternity. The Father gives us life, abundant life. Because we are all His children we are brothers and should love one another. This is the gospel—the whole of it—simple as the relationship of parent and child—and as great. The duty of the Christian is to love God and man, and to let the Father love him and keep him. Little children are the only real Christians. Those of us who live as children are the happy ones."

Here one got rather close to the secret of Dr. Hale's life, I think. He was as a little child unto

the end. He was full of play. He was almost boisterous in his youth even when in the eighties. He greeted the morning with a shout. He prayed with the directness of a child. Who will ever forget those prayers in the Lake Mohonk parlours at the beginning of the day. How they harmonized with the exquisite picture of mountain, lake and trees, seen through the great window behind him. His preaching always had this directness in it, this childlikeness. One recalls that passage in Emerson's Divinity School Address, where he looked out of the church window at the beauty of the world—it was snowing—and said: "The snow-storm was real, the preacher merely spectral. . . . He had lived in vain. He had no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended, cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth, he had not learned. Not one fact in all his experience had he ever imported into his doctrine. . . . The true preacher can be known by this, that he deal out to the people his life—life passed through the fire of thought." I have quoted this somewhat at length because it describes just what Dr. Hale was not. Reality was the one outstanding thing about him, with youth. Indeed I once heard him say: "Whether you write your sermon or simply talk it, let it always be talked to the people. *Tell* them something."

Speaking of Dr. Hale's youthfulness, one of the most moving scenes I ever witnessed was at the great

dinner of the National Arbitration and Peace Congress in the Hotel Astor in April, 1907. Mr. Carnegie was presiding and, after Lord Bryce had spoken, he called upon Dr. Hale. He introduced him as "The Grand Old Man of the Republic." There was great applause and Dr. Hale was splendid. He thrilled the great audience as he spoke prophetically of the meaning of The Hague Conferences. While he was speaking Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the eminent French senator, who had been speaking at the companion banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, came in and stood by the door, spellbound. He was called upon to speak when Dr. Hale had finished. The first thing he said was: "I can tell you that I shall go back to my country full of faith, full of certainty for the future. After I arrived here to-night I witnessed the sight of a most respected and great old man speaking like a young man. . . . I think you will allow me to say, as a foreigner who came here yesterday, and who will be gone to-morrow, that it was a fine sight to see in your great country an old man speaking like a young man, speaking of the future."

I made every effort to get to Boston when they celebrated Dr. Hale's eightieth birthday in Symphony Hall with music and with speeches, but I could not go. I did, however, hear one of the last addresses he made. It was before the League for Political Education in New York. Age was beginning to tell upon his body. One could see that he tottered a little as he walked to the speaker's desk. But when he began to speak it was with all the flame

of youth. The lecture was a glowing prophecy of the America that was to come from the merging of the races that were here. This was the last time I saw him, at a little gathering after his lecture. It was at this time that some one asked him how he kept so young, how he continued to do ten men's work. He said, what he had said before: "Every morning when I get up I say, 'You are a child of God,' and I open my heart to God and the power comes in. All is ours, for we are God's children." There one has the secret of Dr. Hale's eternal youth—a child walking with the Father.

II

PHILLIPS BROOKS

ONE of the pleasures of writing these reminiscences is that it causes one to live over again certain delightful moments. Thus, as I start to write about Phillips Brooks, I am back again, an eager youth, in Copley Square, Boston, on the steps of Trinity Church, on a never-to-be-forgotten Easter morning. The glory and thrill of that wonderful day! I had left the little hotel where in those days I was accustomed to spend a week every winter when I took my vacation from office work and ran off to Boston for a feast of symphonies and sermons. (This was before I went to college and while I was in the office of the Peace Dale Manufacturing Company.) It was always a great week. For there were sure to be many services during Holy Week at which I could hear the Boston preachers, and there was beautiful music in the churches as well as the symphony concerts. And Easter came as the crown of it all. I always sought Trinity early Easter morning, for the throngs began gathering hours before the service. On this Easter morning my youthful heart was throbbing with excitement. It was to be my first sight of Phillips Brooks—my first hearing of him. To one who had pored over every word he had ever published, knew his several

volumes of sermons almost by heart, had read everything that had ever been written about him, and had come to make him a hero with a sort of mystical glamour about him, this was the great day, when at last I could see him face to face and hear him preach.

I reached the church fully an hour and a quarter before the time of service. Already a hundred people were waiting upon the steps, and they were coming from every direction. I managed to get near the doors and felt content, for I was assured of admission. It was not uninteresting to stand facing Copley Square for an hour. Across the way to the right was the beautiful Campanile of the Old South Church, one of the most beautiful things in Boston, but having nothing to do with Boston, being pure Italian. (I do not mean that it is out of place in Boston. It is not, for although Boston is the home of Puritanism, its Puritanism has sat somewhat lightly upon it, and the arts, music, poetry and romance have found their home there, while to-day its streets swarm with those whose blood is Gaelic, Celtic and Latin rather than Puritan.) Directly facing Trinity Church was the new Public Library, with its massive and noble front, and one saw again in memory Abbey's wonderful paintings of the Grail story, upon which one had feasted the day before. It was also interesting to watch the throngs hastening to the churches. Many were going to the Old South, for its preacher, too, Dr. George A. Gordon, was admired of many. (I was later to come under his spell, and that very Sunday evening I heard him for the first time.) Meantime the throng on Trinity

steps had increased to several hundred. The police made a passage through the crowds for the regular members of the parish, and then, precisely at the stroke of the bell, the doors were thrown open to the public. I hurried up into the gallery at the right and found a seat directly opposite the pulpit, which is, as my readers will remember, at the left hand intersection of the choir and transept of the church. Most of the service was taken by the assistants, but Dr. Brooks read the Scriptures. I had not realized before how big he was, although I had seen many pictures of him and had often read stories about his size. Many of these stories were probably apocryphal but they were interesting. The two that were most often told were these: Dr. Brooks, Dr. McVickar (afterwards Bishop of Rhode Island), and Richardson, the famous architect and builder of Trinity Church, visited England together. They were all three huge men—each one six feet and four inches and correspondingly big. It is said that they attended a lecture in an English town, by an Englishman who had been travelling in America. In the course of his lecture he remarked that the average American was on the whole smaller than the average Englishman, as they would immediately observe if they saw groups of Americans and Englishmen together. Whereupon these three giant Americans arose, to the consternation of the lecturer and the amazement of the audience, and said: "We are Americans."—The other story was that when Dr. Brooks landed in Japan one of the newspapers remarked that, "he made more impression upon Japan

than any other American who had stepped upon its shores.''

He was a big man and as he stood at the lectern reading I realized, as never before, how he and his gospel went together. For his gospel was big, healthy, abundant. It was ''fullness of life,'' a phrase he was always using. He might have summed up his ministry in the words of his Master: ''I am come that they might have life and have it more abundantly.'' He was a firm believer in man's capacity for this life. Every man was to him the child of God, and if he denied it he was no less a child. All things were his and religion was the discovery and appropriation of everything big and beautiful and noble in the world. It may be wondered if Dr. Brooks ever quite realized the awful sinfulness and weakness of some men's lives, the nature with which some men are born. To him nobility perhaps came a little too naturally for him quite to understand the great underworld. But to aspiring youth and struggling men and women he made life a thing of beauty, a great, wonderful, heroic thing, capable of being lived along high lines, an achievement possible of attainment if one clung to his great captain, Christ.

The sermon that Easter morning was a very good illustration of just this thing. It dealt not so much with resurrection from the grave into the future world as the passing now from empty, meagre, impoverished life, life that was death, into the large, full, radiant, resurrection-life of Jesus Christ. It was wonderful preaching and I was as a reed before

it. The great preacher ascended into the pulpit, and immediately began pouring forth a flood of torrential speech, with a rapidity of utterance such as I had never heard before—have never heard since. (John Haynes Holmes, of the Church of the Messiah, New York City, has something of the same fervid, onrushing eloquence that characterized Dr. Brooks, and others have noticed this same similarity as well as I.) It took me a few moments to realize just what had happened, and to catch up with the preacher. This was an experience common to many who heard him for the first time. Very few people were accustomed to travelling through thought at such speed. Some dear people never could keep up with him and abandoned the attempt as hopeless. But to eager and impetuous minds he was a satisfaction and a joy. Furthermore, the sermons were always so direct, lucid and real that he was not difficult to follow even in his most impetuous moments, when one had adjusted one's mind to the tremendous speed. It made no difference as to impetuosity of utterance, whether he read or spoke. Unless one was near enough to the pulpit to see the sudden turn of the written page it was difficult to tell whether he was reading or speaking extemporaneously. Perhaps this was partly due to the legibility of the handwriting. He wrote a really beautiful hand, as flowing as the style it expressed. I have three or four of his letters among my treasures and whenever I show them, my friends invariably comment on the handwriting. In the later years of his ministry he generally spoke extemporaneously. There was gain

here, for one got the effect of his eyes, which were very expressive and beautiful. But the inevitable effect of the preaching of Phillips Brooks was a state of exaltation. It was Dr. Munger who once remarked to me that Phillips Brooks "lifted up his hearers and surrounded them with a cloud of glory." It is a true characterization of the effect. But this is not to say that he did not stimulate the mind. The occasional hint that the intellectual element was lacking in his preaching is far from the truth. Because he did not talk much about theology and philosophy is no sign of his lack of interest in these things. He had read and read widely and the intellectual element is robust, virile and positive. It is simply that the framework of his thought was invested with such exquisite robes of feeling that the total effect was an appeal to the whole man. But he was much more of a poet than a theologian. He knew all the great poets by heart and had made them his own. The poetic impulse breathed through all his writing and preaching. He wrote little but sermons, as his chief joy and interest was in preaching, but when he did attempt an essay or an address it was always a notable production. His eight lectures on preaching, delivered in the Lyman Beecher course at Yale University, still remain among the most notable in a series in which the greatest preachers have participated for forty years. On three of four occasions the poetic impulse in him burst into song and the fruit of one of these impulses at one Christmas Time was the exquisitely beautiful carol beginning

"O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie."

This carol is *real* poetry, and has taken its place among the classics. (It will be remembered by all readers of Professor Allen's great biography that Phillips Brooks wrote much verse in his youth, considerable of which is present in the biography.) I remember so well the glow in my heart as I came from the church that Easter morning. The preacher had made all things new. It will be remembered how Lowell relates that walking home in the winter night from hearing Emerson lecture the stars burned supernaturally big and bright. This was the effect of Phillips Brooks upon young men. He made life new and fascinating, made the world new, full of beauty and of promise. He filled the heart of youth with courage and with vision of wonderful, mystic things brooding over the common life of the city.

For several years I visited Boston every winter and always heard Phillips Brooks and Edward Everett Hale. Then I went off to New Haven to college. For two or three years I did not hear either. But one day there was great excitement in the college when it was announced that Phillips Brooks would speak in Battell Chapel at five o'clock on one of the afternoons of the week—I forget which. He had been caught on the wing, as it were, between New York and Boston. The chapel was crowded when the hour came. To most of the boys he was a source of wonder. They had heard of him in that vague way in which one hears of great men whom one has never met, but they had no idea of the

sort of man he was. Consequently they were quite dazed when this huge man, with the modesty and simplicity of a child, arose before them and began pouring forth words in quiet, almost conversational tone. But the spell of his personality was upon them in a few moments, and as his voice rose in pitch (it was never loud, although full, resonant and of carrying power), they were soon hanging upon his words. The preacher, standing in the gathering dusk of the chapel with only one light burning, and that beside his silvered head, really exercised a hypnotic influence upon the vast throng of boys. He spoke for about forty minutes on "True Freedom." (It was practically the sermon of that title which he preached in the Lenten Series at Trinity Church, New York, which attracted much attention.) Freedom was a common subject of his preaching. The five sermons which he preached in Trinity Church, New York, during Lent, all bear the verse in John "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" at their beginning, and they were afterwards published under the title "Perfect Freedom." The underlying thought of the sermon in Battell Chapel was that man is a nobler being than he ordinarily conceives himself to be and is meant for a grander and nobler life than he commonly lives. But he is restrained and imprisoned by circumstance and by a false conception of religious restraint. But when we turn to Christ there is nothing of restraint in His life or His teachings. It is all fullness of life and liberty. He was forever teaching that man "to become his completest must become his freest, that

what a man did when he entered into the new life was to open up a new region in which new powers were to find their exercise, in which he was to be able to be and do things which he could not be and do in a more restricted life." To accept Christ, the one absolutely free man of history, was to find not the imprisonment but the enfranchisement of the soul. The young men came forth from the sermon with a seriousness on their faces I have seldom seen in college boys.

In 1893 Phillips Brooks gave a series of five or six sermons in Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, in New York, during the Lenten season. I was then a student in Yale College, but I could not resist running away to New York to hear one of these sermons by my hero. It was an experience never to be forgotten. The services were open to men only. On the day I attended, the crowds that tried to get into the church far exceeded its capacity. I was among the earliest, but even then I had to stand. There was no service—simply a collect or two at twelve and then the half-hour sermon. The congregation was mostly composed of business men from the neighbourhood, and it is difficult to conceive of more ideal preaching for men. The topics were such as these: "The Beauty of a Life of Service," "Thought and Action," "The Duty of the Christian Business Man," "True Liberty" and "The Christ in Whom Christians Believe." They were reported stenographically—I pity the stenographer—and were afterwards published in a little volume, "Perfect Freedom." They were published against

his will and he made a very decided protest against their appearance. If I remember rightly he tried to stop their publication. He had a great sense of literary form and he felt that these sermons, having been most informal and confidential talks, would lose their power in print. He was mistaken there, as I afterwards told him, adding that I was glad, for the sake of the world, that the piratical publishers got the best of him. He really gives the heart of his gospel in this collection as perhaps in no other of his volumes. I feel sorry for the preacher who has not read them. It was a rare experience to see those eager faces of bankers and brokers upturned to his, to see that crowd of business men hanging upon the words of this prophet and poet.

It was my good fortune to have a few memorable hours with him alone just a week before he died. I was a senior at Yale College, and was turning towards the ministry as my vocation. An opening had loomed up to teach English literature in one of our colleges. I was somewhat undecided in my mind which path to take. I wrote him asking his advice. He wrote back immediately to come and spend a night with him in Boston and talk it over. It need not be said that I accepted the invitation eagerly; but when the time came that I could go, he had every night filled with confirmations—he was then Bishop of Massachusetts—and he asked me to come and have lunch with him and spend the afternoon. I had three uninterrupted hours with him and he asked me more questions than I asked him. He was most eager to learn about the interest of college men

in religion, and about the preaching in the college chapel. I had been quite actively identified with the religious life of the University and could tell him a good deal about it. As to the college preaching I told him that what was lacking in many sermons was the note of reality, and he agreed with me. The greatest failures in the college pulpit were the men who tried to be funny and those who insisted on taking illustrations from athletics. (The inevitable result of so much reference to athletics in a college pulpit is to give the students the impression that the preacher thinks they care for nothing else.) I also told him that the preacher who had read a formal sermon in the chapel in the morning invariably got closer to the students in his direct talk to them in the informal service in Dwight Hall in the evening. But after a while I got opportunity to ask my questions. He plunged into a plea for the ministry as the greatest opportunity that was open for a young man to realize his fullest self and to influence his generation. He believed that the opportunities for the preacher with a real message were even greater than they had been. He also thought there was no life so full of real joys and satisfaction as the ministry, he thought the great days of the Church were ahead of her if she could only realize her real mission of giving life and light to the world. He thought the great danger was that the Church would spend her energies in doing what other agencies were doing and could do as well, and would forget her real mission of keeping the sense of God alive in the world, of convincing man that he was a child of

God, and could not realize his real life apart from Him. After luncheon we sat for two hours before the fire in his beautiful library. He began talking about Frederick W. Robertson and his indebtedness to him, and told me of his pilgrimage to Brighton. He then told me of the books that had shaped his thought, and insisted that I should live in Maurice, Robertson, Bushnell and the poets. They had got at the real heart of Christ. It was a wonderful afternoon. Many and many a time since then I have congratulated myself that I went when I did. For, ten days after my visit, he lay silent in that same study, having passed away almost while preaching his great gospel of the abundant life natural and possible to man because he was a child of God.

III

IAN MACLAREN
(JOHN WATSON)

MY acquaintance with John Watson, of Liverpool, began as, I suppose, did that of thousands of other Americans, with the appearance of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." Always fond of everything relating to Scotland, having been reared on Walter Scott, Hugh Miller and Thomas Edwards, and having read the biographies of Thomas Chalmers and Norman Macleod, I seized upon the writings of Barrie, Crockett and Ian Maclaren as they appeared, and read each at one sitting. I can live over again the days, the places, the impressions, everything connected with my first reading on Sunday afternoons, of "The Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," "The Sticket Minister," and "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

I never saw Ian Maclaren until he came to Yale University to deliver the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching before the Divinity School. The method of his coming was interesting. Probably not a dozen people in America had ever heard of Dr. Watson before his stories took the world by storm. After Ian Maclaren was known in every household as a

story writer people began to ask: "Who is this Ian Maclaren?" They then learned that he was the Rev. John Watson, pastor of the Sefton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, and incidentally that he was a good deal of a preacher. Those who had English connections heard that he was an exceptionally gifted preacher.

It has been customary in connection with the Lyman Beecher Lectures to secure eminent British clergymen, as well as American, and in this way such men as Doctors Dale, Fairbairn, Brown, Stalker, Horton, Forsyth, Henson and Horne have been brought to America. One of the members of the Divinity School Faculty happening to be in Europe—if I remember rightly it was Professor George B. Stevens—he took occasion to visit Dr. Watson's church. He was so greatly impressed that he called upon him, and sounded him upon the possibility of his giving the Lyman Beecher Lectures. The outcome was that in 1896 he came to New Haven for a month and gave his eight lectures which were afterwards published under the title, "The Cure of Souls."

The lectures proved a great success. The only trouble was that everybody in New Haven—all the good souls who were no more interested in the technique of preaching than in the art of etching—turned out to see, if not to hear this famous story-writer, "Ian Maclaren," who had written "A Doctor of the Old School." (Most of them did not even know to what church he belonged and had never heard of him as a preacher.) As a result Marquand

Chapel could not hold even the early arrivals. The crowd would have filled it fifty times over. The lectures were scheduled for three o'clock. By 2:15 not a student could edge his way to the door. The lecture was hurriedly transferred to College Hall, and the entire course was given there, to an audience that crowded the floor and the galleries.

As it happened these delightful lectures proved just as interesting to the general public as they proved valuable to the students of divinity. It should be remembered that these lectures on preaching are given every year—eight of them. They have been going on for a great many years and it is no easy matter to give a course of eight lectures on preaching without repeating a good many things that have been said by previous speakers. It has been only the outstanding eminence of the lecturers that has saved the course. Most of them have been men of such striking personality that even old things have become new in passing through the alembic of their experience. To judge from Dr. Watson's lectures it might have been supposed that no one had ever before lectured on preaching. They were as fresh and new as though they were the first words ever spoken on this great theme.

The audiences fell in love with the man at the start. He was the image of repose, and yet the warmth of his personality was manifested in the first sentence he uttered. His voice was resonant, and a very remarkable organ to interpret the thought and feeling of the speaker. The lectures were a unique blending of idealism and the humblest details

of the preacher's work, even to the arrangements of the heading of the sermon. It was apparent to everybody before he had spoken ten minutes that the lectures were to be largely autobiographical, although the personal pronoun never appeared in them. Now and then bits of pathos occurred that moistened the eyes—but there was never an approach to maukish sentiment—never any of that "practising the brine act," to quote the college boys when referring to certain preachers who occasionally visited the college chapel. Best of all, there was the most delightful play of humour running through all the lectures. It was like sunlight playing upon the deep. It was never obtrusive and yet it was always present. It was in the man's eyes and voice. It was enhanced by the immobility of the face. It was spontaneous as sudden bursts of light. On the large lecture platform many members of the University faculty were sitting. It so happened that five or six of the very oldest were sitting just at the lecturer's left. They became especial targets of his wit, and once or twice his sly hits at them brought a roar from the audience. He himself never smiled.

The lectures were exceedingly helpful to students. They were permeated with a fund of homely common sense. No part of a minister's life or work was left untouched. The minister's health, his personal religious life, his study, his pastoral work, his work with young people, his own relation to God, all received as much attention as the writing of sermons, the delivery of the message, the contents of the great message the preacher had to give. There

was only one moment in the whole course when the placid waters were even temporarily ruffled. The English and Scotch clergy smoke much more than do the American clergy, especially the New England clergy. It is a very common experience to meet clergymen in England with pipes in their mouths. Dr. Watson was probably not aware of the prejudice which exists in New England against a minister smoking. So, very innocently, in the course of one of his lectures, when he was talking about the minister getting close to men, he happened to say something to the effect that often peculiarly intimate closeness came when the minister and some man of his congregation were smoking their pipes together, and that a good pipe was not a bad thing in establishing confidences. It brought down a storm upon his head. In the New Haven papers several letters appeared the next day roundly scoring a minister of the Gospel for "advising young ministers to smoke" (he hardly did that, but it went the round of the country in those terms). The lectures are on the whole among the most valuable ever delivered at Yale, and they are worthy the careful study of every clergyman. And as for interesting reading—well, few books surpass "The Cure of Souls." I often reread it for its charm, its exquisite diction, its flights of fancy, and its real humour.

The lectures were strewn with parenthetical remarks. Here are three or four which brought more than smiles and which are indicative of those running through the whole course:

"A sermon ought to be a monograph and not an

encyclopædia, an agency for pushing one article, and not a general store where one can purchase anything from a button to a coffin.''

Speaking of the personal element in preaching, and of the use of illustration, he remarked in parenthesis: ''Travel must be used very skillfully and sparingly, because the Righi and the Bay of Naples are not unknown to a congregation. On the whole, it may also be better for the average man, for the sake of his people, not to go to the Holy Land, unless he has great self-control. His personal experiences will make even the Mount of Olives a terror, and his interpolated explanation, from what I have heard, will desecrate the noblest passages in the Gospels. Some congregations who in the kindness of their hearts sent their ministers to the Holy Land would now cheerfully pay twice the cost to obliterate the journey from the memory of the good man, and to rescue, say the fifteenth of St. Luke, from illustrative anecdotes.''

''A course of sermons on the metaphysics of faith, followed by another on the philosophy of prayer, will go far to make infidels of a congregation. One wants his drinking-water taken through a filter-bed, but greatly objects to gravel in his glass.

''It is, however, possible to be exasperatingly healthy, and one can understand a much tried woman being driven away from a minister whose radiant, unlined face showed that he had never known pain, and who had married a rich wife, and taken refuge in a church whose ministers had a liver and preached rampant Calvinism. . . . Invalid

ministers have a certain use and do gather sympathetic congregations—becoming a kind of infirmary chaplains. But their ecclesiastical and theological views must be taken with great caution.''

I heard all of the eight lectures and I also heard him preach in the college chapel and speak to the students at the Y. M. C. A. meetings in Dwight Hall. He was very effective in these talks to young men. But during his month's residence I had occasion to meet him in some charming New Haven homes and here I got further insight into the man's character and learned much of his early life. There were three or four homes in New Haven that seemed peculiarly attractive to him and he would often drop in for an evening, and was frequently the guest at dinners there. To sit before an open fire with him was a rare experience. In these homes to which I refer, there would often be a group of three or four men whose names were known among educated people in all Europe and America. The conversation was such as one would expect. Often Dr. Watson would sit silent for fifteen or twenty minutes listening to these men. Then, by some sudden turn, he would take up the talk and for several minutes we would hear some of the raciest comments on life. But when the story-telling was at its height then he shone above all others. Some one would ask him a question about Scottish country life and off he would go. Or some one would ask him if the characters in ''The Bonnie Brier Bush'' were based on actual men and women (they were, by the way) and he would give the most delightful pictures of

Scottish country life as he knew it as a young minister. No one could surpass him as a story-teller and I have seen staid, aged scholars laugh until tears rolled down their cheeks. I met one of New Haven's dignified scholars on the street one morning and asked him how he was, and he said: "I have a stitch in my back; I went out to dinner with Ian Maclaren last night." It was not only the stories—it was the way he told them. I was assistant to Dr. Munger at the time of Dr. Watson's visit to New Haven and that is how I happened to see so much of him. I doubt if I shall ever hear such story-telling again. But once or twice I saw him in very melancholy mood. These moods came over him and nothing could move him out of them except solitude or preaching. He had much of the Celtic temperament, as is very apparent to those who know his writings. It appears in his novel, "Kate Carnegie," almost more than in his short stories. The appearance of this novel, "Kate Carnegie," was a source of both pleasure and disappointment to him. The critics handled it somewhat severely because it lacked that dramatic element necessary to a great work of fiction. But to choice souls it was a delight. The sketch of Rabbi Sanderson is one of the best pieces of writing Ian Maclaren ever did. The Rabbi lives—just as Dr. McClure lives. To me "Kate Carnegie" is a book of great charm, and I read it frequently. Dr. Watson's delight in it came from the appreciation of it by many whom he greatly admired.

I remember his telling one evening about the

hundreds upon hundreds of letters he had received from people who had read "A Doctor of the Old School." These letters had come from every country in the world—many of them from Australia, South Africa, Canada and America. Some came from places he had never supposed contained men who could read English. Many of the letters were from physicians and some of them were very beautiful. These letters were a great comfort to him and he read and reread them many times. But other experiences befell him from the publication of "The Bonnie Brier Bush." The heresy hunters got after him. When this fact did not annoy him, it amused him, and it was very funny to hear him tell the story of it. What started the charge of heresy was the emphasis, in the stories of Scottish life, on the unlimited love of God, but more particularly the confusion of what some call "natural goodness" with religion. He would amusingly refer to the fact that he "did not know whether he was being blamed for making God love His children too much, or making man love his neighbour too much." The heresy trial passed over. It is not the first time that charges of heresy have been brought against Scotchmen because of their novels. There are some of my readers who can probably remember back far enough to recall the storm of accusation that fell upon the head of George MacDonald when "Robert Falconer" was published. Many Scotch and English pulpits were closed to him for years.

With the popularity of Dr. Watson's stories a curiosity to see some of his sermons began to be felt

in Great Britain and America. As a result "The Mind of the Master" was published. Its reception greatly pleased him. It is a group of unusual sermons—for they were originally used as sermons, although appearing as essays in the book. Another volume, "The Potters' Wheel," a series of papers for those in affliction, is very tender and very full of original thought, too. Dr. Watson had deep insight into the workings of the human soul, and being a man of great heart his ministry to the suffering was very effective, and this little volume is the fruit of many years' real "Cure of Souls." It will be remembered that he was in this country on a lecture tour when he passed away. He enjoyed these lecture tours, but got rather tired of repeating lectures over and over and rather tired of travel.

Let me close this sketch with a picture of one evening in New Haven. A dinner party of a few choice spirits had been arranged for Ian Maclaren, among those present being Professor George P. Fisher and Dr. T. T. Munger, of both of whom he was very fond. I was privileged to drop in after dinner and sit in an inconspicuous corner—a sort of learner—and listen. And how I listened and how I laughed! Ian Maclaren—for it was he rather than the Rev. John Watson who was to the front that evening—was in a boyish mood and for an hour he told Scotch stories. He never enjoyed himself anywhere else in America as much as during that first month when he was in residence at Yale University. The many students of Professor Fisher will be interested in this quotation from a letter

which Ian Maclaren wrote upon his second visit to America in 1899:

"On Saturday we left for New Haven, the seat of the University of Yale. Professor Fisher, our former host at Yale, was standing on the platform when we arrived, and gave us the kindest of receptions. He is a typical don, so scholarly, so witty, so gentle, and it is a privilege to live in his house, where one breathes humanity in the old Latin sense, and is brought into contact at every turn of the conversation with the wisdom both of the present and of the past. Beneath his roof one meets all kinds of scholars, and every one seems at his best, so that one has the benefit of a University in the form of social intercourse. Yale reminds one of an English university, because its buildings are scattered here and there, and some of them are now nearly two hundred years old, and because the scholars at Yale have the old-fashioned love of accurate and delicate culture, and are altogether cleansed from showiness and Philistinism. Upon Sunday morning we went to the University Chapel, where I preached before the president and professors, and where I preached, which is a different thing, to fifteen hundred students of the universities. One looked upon a mass of humanity in the bright and intelligent faces, and was inspired with the thought of the possibilities in those lads who would be the clergymen and lawyers and statesmen and great merchants of the United States. If they are interested the 'boys' have no hesitation in letting the preacher know, and have endless ways of conveying their weariness. For my

subject I took 'Jesus' Eulogy on John the Baptist,' and made a plea for selflessness as the condition of good work and high character. In the evening I spoke to about five hundred students in the beautiful hall of the University Christian Association. This time I took for my subject 'Faith and Works,' and afterwards met a number of men who were exceedingly kind, and, as is characteristic of American university men, very gracious and courteous. During my stay with Dean Fisher I had the opportunity of conversation with several distinguished Biblical scholars whose names and whose books are known on both sides of the Atlantic, and to a general practitioner like myself this intercourse with experts was most instructive and stimulating."

IV

THEODORE T. MUNGER

AS a boy I used to have the privilege of rummaging through the books of the Public Library in my native town. It was a very unusual library and rather rich in those religious books which are found in the average public library only on sufferance, or as concessions to clergymen. This was because the trustees happened to be a group of men of real culture—men who held Mrs. Humphry Ward's theory that public libraries should be constituted to meet the need of the exceptional boy or girl as well as the general fiction reading public; and Mr. Carnegie's theory that public libraries were worth their while if they helped one boy of talent to get out of the village. As a result the Library in Peace Dale was rich in science, theology, essays, biography, and possessed an unusual collection of sermons by the great preachers. I do not know how many wintry and rainy Saturdays I spent, sitting on a step-ladder in the alcoves of this library, reading these books. And I generally took an armful home for Sundays. It was here that I first ran across two books of sermons for young people—"Lamps and Paths" and "On the Threshold." I was always sensitive to style and I am not sure that

it was not the exquisite literary finish of these sermons that appealed to me as much as their remarkable suggestiveness, their wonderful common sense. (One of the professors of English literature at Yale used to refer to Dr. Munger's English style as equal to anything being written in America at that time.) These two books of sermons to young people to my mind still remain the best that have been produced in America. One manufacturer was so impressed with "On the Threshold," that he bought up an edition and gave it to the young men in his factory.

As the result of reading these books I desired very much to hear Dr. Munger preach. The opportunity did not come soon. But I was led to read "The Freedom of the Faith" and there obtained my introduction to "The New Theology." It will be remembered that the first essay of this volume bears that title. I revelled in it. Although we had *The Christian Union* in our house and I was accustomed to Dr. Lyman Abbott's editorials, Dr. Abbott had not then begun his papers on "The Evolution of Theology," and Dr. Munger's volume was my first knowledge of that theological point of view, which soon became the common property of the New England Congregational churches and theological seminaries. I read and reread it and soon knew this book almost by heart. At the same time I found Dr. Newman Smyth's "Old Faiths in New Lights" in the library and read and reread that. What city the size of New Haven ever had two such men side by side for many years—their churches only a stone's throw from each other—as T. T. Munger and New-

man Smyth? For years they stood together as champions of the new theology, as defenders of the Andover Theological Seminary, and as leaders in the movement to liberalize the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. They were both men of the scholarly disposition and temperament, loving the study and enjoying the pulpit above all things, but both brave fighters and in the midst of great contentions most of their lives.

It was not until 1888 that I heard Dr. Munger preach, two years before I went to New Haven to enter Yale. I was spending commencement week as the guest of an old boyhood friend who was being graduated. On Sunday evening I said that I should like to go to the United Church to hear Dr. Munger. My friend and I found ourselves listening to a sermon on St. Paul's shipwreck. It dwelt upon the truth that the great man is ready at any time to meet any emergency. He does not have to make special preparation for special crises. The Christian should be so fortified in his soul, so big in character that he is ready to meet any temptation, any crisis when it comes. The great battles of life are fought before they occur, the great temptations met before they come. It was a very striking sermon. But for the first time I heard that wonderful voice—rich, resonant, musical, exquisitely modulated to every shade of thought and feeling. I remember, years afterwards, a well-known man saying to me that he doubted if there was a preacher in the United States since Beecher's death whose voice lent itself to the thought and emotion to be expressed as did Dr.

Munger's. I said to my friend that I would like to speak to the preacher. I might never meet him again and I wanted to tell him what his books had been to me. When I had told him my experience in the library he was evidently quite pleased. "It is very encouraging to learn that one's words have found lodgment in some young man's heart," he said. Then he asked me about my home and occupation and ended by cordially inviting me to come to his home before I left New Haven. I could not go then, but two years later I made haste to accept his kind invitation and then for eight years I saw him constantly, the last two years and a half of the eight almost daily. He was my real theological seminary.

In 1890 I went up to Yale University, expecting to stay four years. I stayed eight. During the first two years of my college course I attended the College Chapel and heard many of the best preachers in the country and some poor ones. The chief criticism I should make of the sermons, as I recall them, was of their lack of directness. The preachers had to face twelve or fifteen hundred students, most of them mere boys. The thinking capacity of the average undergraduate is greatly overestimated. He is not, as a rule, interested in any phase of thought or in religion, and he does not take life very seriously. A college sermon should be very simple, very direct, very concrete, and as dramatic as possible. The most effective college sermon I ever heard was by James Stalker on the three men in every man—the man each one knows himself to be; the man his neighbour knows; the man God knows. (It was

afterwards printed as a booklet, if I remember rightly.) After two years of college sermons, I got permission to attend the Center Church, of which Dr. Newman Smyth was pastor, because I had taken a class in the Center Church Sunday school and wished to be identified with that church. I afterwards became assistant superintendent. It was not often that I heard Dr. Munger, as my release from Battell Chapel made it obligatory to attend Center Church, no exception being made except for the College Chapel. But I heard him lecture or preach on special occasions. I sometimes called on him at his attractive home on Prospect Street. Here he had taken the southwest room for his study. It was connected with the rest of the house by narrow doors and was far away from the entrance. The walls were lined with books, and there was a big fireplace, in which the fire was always burning. It was in front of this fire that he received his visitors and there one quickly felt at ease. (The names of the men who have sat before that fire would make an interesting list.) It was not always easy for young men to talk with him. His mind dwelt continually in a region of lofty thought. Sometimes one would come upon him when he had been writing a long time and it was hard for him to get down to earth. But as to his being cold and unsympathetic, as once in a while a student felt him to be, nothing was farther from the truth. He was as tender as a father, and as frank and open as a child. When one went to him prepared to ask him questions on any problem of life or thought, he would talk with

greatest ease. And when one broke through that reserve which hedges in all great minds, or when he became interested in a young man, no more cordial or sympathetic friend could be found. After I entered the Divinity School in 1894 and had my Sundays free I began attending his church quite regularly, alternating between him and the College Chapel, although the chapel services were not attractive, because of the unsympathetic relationship existing between the audience and the preacher—except when, once in a while, a preacher broke through it. In the middle of my second year in the Seminary the Rev. Harry Miles, then assistant pastor of the United Church, resigned to take the Farmington Avenue Church, in Hartford. The moment I heard of his leaving I hurried up to 202 Prospect Street and asked Dr. Munger if I could not have the place. Dr. Munger looked at me a moment and then said very quietly: "What qualifications have you for the position?" I told him frankly I had not got so far as to think of qualifications; that the moment I heard Mr. Miles was going I ran to ask for the place. "Why did you want it?" "Mostly, to be with you," I frankly replied.

I did not know what he would think of that blunt remark; but I went on to say that there was nothing I would enjoy so much as working with him and that I thought I could make myself useful among the five hundred young people and children in the Sunday school. The large school meant, of course, a large parish, and Dr. Munger was careful to remind me of that. The result was that a few

days later I was asked to become the assistant pastor of the United Church. I was then in the middle of junior year in the Divinity School and I remained with Dr. Munger for a year after graduation, making two and a half years in all. They were great years for me and perhaps more valuable than the same period in the University. I often wonder, in the light of them, if it might not be a good idea to take half a year off the Divinity School course and put the young men with some experienced pastor for six months. Practically all of our graduates from the law schools begin their career in the office of some experienced lawyer or firm of lawyers. Our graduates from the medical colleges also work in hospitals under the direction of older men before taking up general practise. But most of our clergymen step directly from the seminaries into their churches.

Naturally my work brought me into very close contact with Dr. Munger, and how I did enjoy those two years and a half! The experiences that stand out most conspicuously in my memory were those Sunday mornings in the pulpit. The pulpit platform in the United Church is about ten feet above the floor and reached on either side by beautifully curved stairs. The pulpit itself is a projection of the platform out between the stairs. There were three high-backed chairs of dark wood, with red plush seats, in the pulpit, and in the right hand chair I sat almost every Sunday morning for two years and a half and listened to those wonderful sermons. I was within four feet of the preacher

and sometimes I became almost mesmerized by the exquisite cadence of the voice—it had a cadence like great music—the wondrous beauty of the style—it was the purest English of any preacher we have had since Channing's time—the arresting thoughts, rolling out one after another. For in Dr. Munger's sermons every sentence is a thought. It would be difficult to find a style where fewer lines or words are wasted. There are pages of his sermons where one could hardly take out a word without ruining the fabric. Sunday after Sunday I sat spellbound by those great sermons. And how the preacher enjoyed preaching them. He was a believer in worship and liked a dignified and orderly service. Yet so eager was he to deliver the message that was consuming him that sometimes he could hardly wait until the time came to step forward to the pulpit. The congregation felt this eagerness and it only helped to impress them with the fact that this preacher was a messenger with truth that was urgent.

The congregation was interesting. It was partly a selected congregation. New Haven is full of intellectuals, being the seat of a great university, and they delighted in Dr. Munger's preaching—its keen analysis of a text or truth; its prophetic quality; its grasp on the great scientific movements of the time (he was one of the first to discover the spiritual significance of evolution); its wealth of literary allusion; its beauty of style; its interpretation of life; its insight into the problems of the thinking minds; all this greatly attracted thoughtful men.

The sermons always dealt with big themes. Dr. Munger took both Christianity and life too seriously to waste time over trifling subjects. The sermons moved with a majestic motion because they were tuned to high and sublime things. Sometimes I felt myself swept off into great spaces as, in his chant-like tones, one great thought followed another, just as one is swept into space by music of majestic motion. The sermons, while not besprinkled with quotations from great writers, yet showed intimate acquaintance with the best that had been written in all languages. They also showed thorough acquaintance with the latest contribution to thought. It will be remembered, as I said above, that he was among the first to interpret evolution from the Christian point of view and point out its Christian aspect. So, too, he was among the first to feel the significance for faith of the new attitude towards the Bible called "Higher Criticism" and he saved many from the perils of doubt by showing from month to month how the new view of the Bible enriched faith. He was one of the prophets of the "New Theology," and he presented it so positively, so religiously, that his congregations and his readers felt that it was gain, not loss. He also sensed the movement of the New Theology towards a social application of the Gospel and was among the first to prophesy that Christianity meant the redemption of the whole social order for this world, as well as of individuals contained in it for this world and the next. It was great preaching I heard at such close range during those two years and more.

For the benefit of any young preachers or students of theology who may be reading these pages, I should like to say that one reason why the sermons were so impressive and so perfect, was because Dr. Munger's conception of the preacher's office was so high that he put infinite pains on every sermon. The study door was locked every morning of the week except Monday. For four hours each day the preacher studied and wrote. A good deal of his time went into the sermons. He wrote sentence by sentence, each sentence a thought and its language the best that could express that thought. He always read his sermons. I do not remember ever hearing him preach extemporaneously or make an extemporaneous address outside the mid-week service. His mind was that of the seer and worked best in quiet. But when he read, the same glow that had accompanied the writing suffused his speech, so that one never thought of the paper on the desk. I think he was never comfortable in extemporaneous speech except in the midst of his own people at the mid-week service, where he talked quietly as a father might talk to his children. But even for this talk he made very careful preparation. I know only one other preacher whose sermons bear the same literary grace as Dr. Munger's and that is Dr. Jowett. And Dr. Jowett also puts infinite time and labour on each sermon.

To an occasional person Dr. Munger seemed somewhat unapproachable, somewhat reserved. As a matter of fact he was one of the most warm-hearted and generous natures I ever met. He had such a sense of the sacredness of personality that he could

never have been one of the "hail-fellow-well-met" style and I doubt if he would have liked any one to slap him on the shoulder or presume, upon slight acquaintance, to practice undue intimacy. He had a high conception of honour and walked with a carriage that betokened fearlessness of all the world. He loved his home and he gave the home extremely high place in the social economy. It was open to his friends, but yet it was his home and everything in it belonged to him, was real environment. The pictures were many of them portraits of famous men to whom he had been indebted. The books were books he had read. One of the happiest periods of his life was when he was writing the Life of Horace Bushnell. He was Bushnell's lineal descendant by the spirit and the book is what all real biographies should be, one great and sympathetic mind interpreting another. I doubt if his mind was ever idle. The last time I saw him I found him out in his garden. He was trimming a hedge. When I spoke he gave a start. He was not thinking of the hedge, he was thinking of the mystery of growth as he was working among God's green things.

V

ROWLAND GIBSON HAZARD

ACROSS the little lake near whose shores my boyhood home stands, lived one of the most original and unique geniuses America has produçed—Rowland Gibson Hazard. With only a few years' training in the schools of Pennsylvania, he came back to Peace Dale, home of his ancestors for many years, and entered upon the woolen industry which his older brother had begun some time before. This industry he pursued for many years, eventually building up great factories which employ hundreds of men, and out of it, along with wise investment of his earnings, he built up a fortune which would be called large even in our days. During the earliest years of this business he worked incessantly and spent much time travelling by carriage, on horseback and by steamboat. He was always an extremely busy man, for not only did his manufacturing business grow by leaps and bounds, but he became involved in the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad and in other big ventures.

Yet this man, pioneer in industries, with none of that leisure time common to business men of to-day, found time to write several of the most striking books America has given the world. And the marvel

is that these books, which such men as Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill and William Ellery Channing, wondered at, were all on just those subjects in which one would not expect a manufacturer of woolen goods, with no college training, to be interested, namely, poetry, philosophy, and especially metaphysics. Before he died Mr. Hazard had written one quite considerable book on "Language"—especially language as a vehicle of imagination and poetic thought and feeling; "Freedom of Mind in Willing or Every Being that Wills a Creative First Cause," an elaborate book of four hundred and fifty pages, partly devoted to a refutation of "Edwards on the Will"; "Causation and Freedom in Willing," a book which grew out of his conversations and correspondence with John Stuart Mill; "Man a Creative First Cause," a collection of lectures delivered before the Concord School of Philosophy. And besides these, his collected works embrace two volumes of miscellaneous papers on every phase of economics, science, philosophy and religion.

The wonder to us who lived near him and saw him every day was not only that our neighbour was thinking thoughts which were attracting the attention of scholars all over the world, some of his theories even being answered by John Stuart Mill, but that one who was so engrossed in a great industry could either think or write anything at all. As I grew older and became fond of reading I used to have little talks with him. Indeed he gave me the first "author's" book I ever owned—his volume on "Language." "When could he have written this book?"

everybody asked, when it was published. It was then discovered that he wrote it mostly on steamboats and at hotels and in railroad stations. Indeed much of it took form and shape as he rode on horseback through the Southern States. His mind was never idle. The moment he sat down in the railroad carriage his thoughts went off to some great problem of philosophy, especially to the one problem that concerned him above all others, that of establishing the absolute freedom of the human will. He believed that instead of man's will being determined absolutely by the Creator, man himself was a creative first cause and could work in a divine partnership creating the universe of perfect thought, freedom and love which was the end of God's endeavour. During the last year of his life I acted as his secretary. We drove together every afternoon over the beautiful roads of South Kingston, sometimes following the ocean, at other times striking in among the laurel-covered hills, with their gems of lakes. Very often we used to talk about his books. I remember how often he spoke of the power of detachment from circumstance. It was one of the easiest things to cultivate he said. He had been able all his life so to detach himself from surroundings that it made no particular difference to him where he worked. He could write on metaphysics in a room full of men debating political questions. He said he was absolutely unaware of their existence. He could also pick up the thread of a discourse just where he had left it when interrupted. He also had that rare type of brain which can think in words,

without pen in hand, and along with it a memory that could reproduce in the study the thoughts that had previously taken form in his brain.

In these long rides I used to ask him many questions about the men he had known. He responded to these questions with evident pleasure. Indeed he once said that he was glad I asked them because it was such pleasure to recall the great men he had known. He had been particularly fond of Dr. Channing, and he often told me of their visits together. Their first meeting took place under very interesting circumstances. Soon after "Language" had been published, it fell into Dr. Channing's hands. He was so impressed by it that he read it to Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody. The book bore no author's name, merely a *nom de plume* of "A Heteroscian." Dr. Channing's curiosity was greatly aroused as to the author. He sought the publishers in Providence, R. I., found out that the author was a Mr. Hazard, a manufacturer, living in Peace Dale and immediately visited Mr. Hazard. He remained several days, and a close, lifelong friendship sprang up between them. One of the most interesting estimates of Channing is that which Mr. Hazard wrote shortly after the great preacher's death: "The Philosophical Character of Channing." It is included in the first volume of Mr. Hazard's collected works. It was Dr. Channing who first suggested to Mr. Hazard that he write a book refuting the arguments of Jonathan Edwards, which Dr. Channing believed would, if accepted, completely destroy all personality and individuality. A man would not

be a person any longer, simply a pawn in the Creator's hand. Mr. Hazard promised to consider the subject. It took hold of his mind. For twenty years, so he told me, on his travels, in bed, while he was dressing, every spare moment, he gave his mind to the subject and in 1864 he wrote his great book. He purposely avoided reading books on the subject of the will and man's freedom during this time, believing that he ought to answer Edwards in his own way.

It was this volume which attracted the attention of John Stuart Mill. The great Englishman at once detected a remarkable mind and an original thinker. A correspondence sprang up between them, and thus another interesting friendship was begun. Mr. Mill wrote to Mr. Hazard saying: "I do not mean any compliment in saying that I wish you had nothing to do but philosophize, for though I do not often agree with you, I see in everything that you write a well marked natural capacity for philosophy."

He used often to speak of his talks with John Stuart Mill. When he visited England for the first time, in 1864, he had just published his book and he and Mr. Mill had many talks about it. In 1866 he visited England again and saw much of Mr. Mill. He said they talked by days rather than by hours. A correspondence ensued and his last volume but one, "Causation and Freedom in Willing," is really made up of the letters he wrote Mr. Mill during their correspondence on metaphysical subjects.

He talked to me of others he had known, Lincoln, Miss Peabody—another wonderful product of New England—Herbert Spencer, great American states-

men, and the financiers who had linked the Pacific coast to the Atlantic. (His relations with some of these men had not been happy, but he saw their genius.)

He died in 1888 while I was in New Haven spending Commencement Week, and seeing one of the Peace Dale boys being graduated from Yale with highest honours. (A few years later this boy married the granddaughter of this great philosopher.) At his death one of those beautiful things happened that sometimes accompany the passing of great men. For several days his mind had been clouded, but just a few hours before the last moment it cleared and to those about his bed he discoursed beautifully and sweetly on high themes, and then fell quietly asleep, after eighty-seven years of life that had never known an idle moment.

Four things I learned from Mr. Hazard. First, I learned to think for myself and having come to conclusions, not to be afraid of them. Secondly, I learned the capacity to be myself under all conditions and to live the inner life in circumstances that did not minister to it. Mr. Hazard could commune with God in a room clanging with looms as easily as under a field of stars. Some of his most beautiful poems—for he was a real poet—were probably written in the factory. Thirdly, I learned the value of time—how many big things could be done in a few moments. The average busy man could read a good book a day in the time he wastes. Fourthly, I learned that in the world of the mind and the spirit were to be found the true joys of life.

VI

RICHARD SALTER STORRS

MY first sight of Dr. Storrs was at the Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, at Worcester in 1895. I was a student in Yale College at the time and I obtained permission from Dean Wright to attend the meetings. I have always been extremely glad that I attended this particular meeting, for I heard the greatest debate that has taken place in Congregationalism for many years. A graduate of one of our divinity schools, one Mr. Noyes, had presented himself as a candidate for service in the foreign missions field. He had been rejected by the Prudential Committee because he refused to subscribe to the statement that one who had not accepted Christ in this world had no chance to accept Him in other worlds. If I remember rightly, he was not dogmatic on the question—did not affirm that he surely would have the opportunity, but would not say that he had not.

This controversy almost rent the American Board in twain. It came to its climax at the meeting in Worcester. All of one day the great debate lasted. Many eminent leaders of the Church participated in it. Four of them stand out distinctly in my

mind, three of whom have passed away. The first was Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, former President of Robert College. To him the nerve of missions was cut if the missionary's gospel was anything less than "now is the accepted and only time for repentance." The second was Dr. Newman Smyth, whose contention was that the missionary was to carry the Gospel to the world so far as he could and that the fate of those who did not hear it in this world was in the hands of God. The third speaker was Joseph Cook, supporting the orthodox side. The fourth was Dr. Robert E. Meredith, supporting the liberal side. The vast audience was divided in opinion, but there was no doubt that the majority sympathized with the liberal side. Over this debate, which stirred men to the very depths—for to them great convictions were at stake, as well as the future of all missionary work—Dr. Storrs presided with majestic power. Everybody knew that his sympathies were with the conservative party; but not once did he say anything or do anything to turn the course of debate or to influence the delegates in their vote. The vote was taken and the liberals won. Here the greatness of Dr. Storrs was made manifest. He had come to Worcester determined to resign the Presidency of the Board because of inability to carry longer the heavy burdens which the office entailed. His resignation had already been placed in the hands of the Prudential Committee. But when the decision of the Board on the case of Mr. Noyes was announced, he withdrew his resignation for fear that it might be interpreted by the world as a protest against the

action of the Board and might lead to other resignations on the part of the conservative members. When, under these circumstances, he accepted the reëlection to the presidency, the applause was long and tremendous. He was never more esteemed than at that moment.

During his term as president, the presidential address was always the great event of the annual meeting. In these addresses he rose to his loftiest heights. The expectancy this year was great, and when he came upon the platform, after a brief rest from presiding over the most exciting week the Board had ever known, the vast audience rose to him as one man. The big hall was packed to the door. It was the first time I had ever heard him preach, although the fame of his eloquence had reached my boyhood home years before. It was also the first time I had heard such sustained and lofty eloquence. I was spellbound by it. I do not know that I have ever since felt the spell of eloquence as I did that night. (It is an interesting fact to me that the first great oratorio I heard was in that same hall in Worcester at one of the music festivals for which Worcester is famous. It was Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and the effect of my first contact with great music was similar to that of my first contact with great eloquence—an exaltation never quite to be realized again. Ah, those first glimpses of new worlds of beauty!) Dr. Storrs' voice was like a silver trumpet. His diction was Ciceronian. His words came from the poets and from that book of matchless words—the Bible. His thought was lofty and sus-

tained, rising gradually, like great music, to sublime heights. Imagine the effect upon a college boy, extremely sensitive to eloquence, of such words as these: "The aim of foreign missions concerns the grandest things in God—not His power and His authority only, but the character in Him, of wisdom and love, which gives sublimity to His omnipotence, and without which that omnipotence would be a continual and terrific menace to the universe. It concerns God in His greatest work—greater than that of creation, greater than that of yonder swinging constellations in their mighty rhythm through the silent skies,—the work of redemption by which the human soul, defiled and ignorant, is to be lifted into fellowship with God, through His Son and by His Spirit, and to be made the partaker here, and the full heir hereafter, of the glory and honour and immortality which are beyond the grave. You remember that that magnificent man, Phillips Brooks, as I always love to call him, Bishop Brooks of this diocese of Massachusetts, said once, when he was asked in London, 'What sermon are you to preach before the Queen?' 'What sermon? There is only one sermon!' Ah, his meaning was, I am sure, that God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, is to be the substance and scope of every sermon ever preached from a Christian pulpit; and he, when his work was done, went up to see the great results of that resplendent work, in the circles of the immortals, before God's throne. That is the aim of foreign missions,—to bring this poor, timid, sinful human spirit into alliance and fellowship with the

divine mind on high and with the divine heart, and to cover the earth, bloody as it is, defiled as it is, ragged and torn as it is by strifes of war, with the kingdom of righteousness and of peace, and of joy in the Holy Ghost. It is a work which not merely exalts the mind, it positively dilates it, when it enters into our clear and inspiring thought. It is a work the contemplation of which opens all history to us, opens all human life here and beyond to our thought—a work that lifts us into the closest sympathy with Christ on His cross, in His ascension and on His throne; a work which brings the sublimities and mysteries of the eternal counsel of God to enwrap and enkindle our contemplating minds."

In 1895 I again attended the meeting of the American Board—in Brooklyn. I was then in my first year of the Divinity School. Several of us went down to the meetings. My chief thought in going was to hear Dr. Storrs again. I heard him twice—once in the meetings of the Board, once in his own pulpit. I was glad to hear him in his own church—The Church of the Pilgrims. It is a beautiful church, and in its stately beauty wonderfully matched the stateliness of his preaching and the dignity of his style. The city was full of delegates to the meetings and they crowded the church far beyond its capacity that Sunday morning. But I was there early and secured a seat near the front. He preached on the need of the world for Christ, and the sermon was a fitting prelude to the missionary meetings of the week. It was great preaching, and one came away not only exalted, but eager for the address before

the Board. The address, when it came four days later in the Academy of Music, proved to be one of the greatest he ever made, the famous address on "The Aim of Foreign Missions."[1] With such passages as this singing in our hearts did we students go back to New Haven the next day: "One of the great things connected with this missionary work is this: That the manifestation of God in Christ is essential to meet the deepest need of the human soul, to meet the needs of men individually and universally. Sometimes we forget this. We feel as if a man, certainly a man of higher powers, a woman of finer tastes and more delicate sensibilities, could go through the world without this, and still retain all that is noble and beautiful in spirit. But this manifestation of God in His Son is essential to the highest welfare of every human soul, in Christian lands or in heathen lands. For the illumination of the mind, if for nothing else, concerning the grandest facts of the universe, this is necessary: to show us the being and government of God, with the supreme, loving self-sacrifice which is eternal in His heart; to open to us the vital and measureless universe with which we are connected by the essential constitution of our being; to show us the glory of the immortality, manifest in Christ and emphasized by His cross; to show us man, in his nature and its possibilities, in his character and its perils; to show us the way and the promise of the forgiveness of sin, giving new exhilaration to the soul, a new sense of freedom, a

[1] See "Addresses on Foreign Missions," by Richard S. Storrs, D. D., LL. D. Boston, 1900, p. 121.

new and courageous expectation for the great hereafter; to work a true regeneration in the temper of the human heart, by the grace of God accompanying that manifestation of Himself in His Son, so that the soul shall enter into fellowship with the divine soul, and the spirit in man be in sympathy with the pure and mighty spheres of spiritual life to which we are organically related. For all this we need, individually, the manifestation of God in His Son. Nature cannot give us these illustrious revelations, and these inspiring impulses. Nature, with fruits and flowers and stately mountains, tumbling oceans and shining skies, all the great and lovely phenomena of the creation, has on it no celestial gleam from within the gates of pearl. If, then, it be a great thing to take a human soul and lift it into divine fellowship and immortal felicity, this manifestation of God in Christ becomes sublime, as the instrument by which to do a work so august; the work which is our work, our missionary work, our work as persons in the social circles which we affect, our work as related to this Board in sending this revelation of God to those sitting in darkness, whom we have never seen."

In 1897 the American Board came to New Haven for its annual meeting. I was, at this time, assistant to Dr. T. T. Munger, in the United Church. I represented this church on the committee of welcome and this position brought me into personal contact with Dr. Storrs for the first time. I found him delightfully affable and one day, when I was alone with him for a moment, I told him about that night when

I first heard him in Worcester. He seemed pleased at what I said and then remarked: "I never enjoy speaking outside of my own pulpit, except at these meetings of the American Board. There is something here—a consecration, a faith, a courage, an idealism that catches one up and inspires him to say the best there is in him." A very good testimony to the American Board is that! I was privileged to be present at supper with him one evening in one of the New Haven houses. Professor George P. Fisher was there and the conversation was mostly between him and Dr. Storrs. And very delightful talk it was. They told many stories. I remember one, among others, which Dr. Storrs told. He said that he was once at a little dinner where Secretary Evarts and Joseph H. Choate were present. "Mr. Evarts began to tell me," he said, "that he had a reputation for making many speeches when he was Senator, and he spoke of a Senator, who was pointing out Senators to a constituent in the gallery, and who remarked, 'That man, down at that desk, is Mr. Evarts, of New York.' 'Is he?' replied the man. 'Why, he don't seem to be saying anything.' 'Well,' said Mr. Choate, looking serenely across the table at Mr. Evarts, '*were* you making a speech?'" Dr. Fisher and he got to talking about the way a certain story, in changed form, was often attributed one generation after another to distinguished men. Dr. Storrs related the incident of Dr. Kirk preaching, in the earlier years of his ministry in Pittsfield, about the way of worldly pleasure and gain. He pictured it as a broad, smooth declining road along which men

walked until suddenly it came to a precipice. He depicted so vividly men slipping over this precipice that a man in the gallery leaned over the edge and looked down to see them falling. He then related the well-known story of the audience leaning forward to see the rat running into the hole, when Mr. Beecher, suddenly pointing down into the corner, used that image of little, cowardly men who scuttled into their holes when any great principle was at stake, and wondered if it did not have its origin in the story of the effect upon an audience of Dr. Kirk's eloquence. Professor Fisher recalled the incident of a preacher in one of the smaller French cities who was discoursing very vividly on the certainty of the coming of the angel of judgment and its possible existence. Suddenly he glared up into one corner of the church and with pointing finger excitedly exclaimed: "I see him now, I see him coming now!" "Where, where?" exclaimed several in the front pews of the church. The little supper passed off very quietly with much story-telling and interesting talk. Professor Fisher and Dr. Storrs had played two of the leading parts in the great issue that had been before the Board so many years—the question of the attitude of the Board on future probation, and they had not always seen eye to eye. The question did not arise at the supper table. There was, however, some conversation on the future of the Roman Catholic Church in America. It is not known by everybody that Dr. Storrs was a devoted student of church history, and probably was better acquainted with the development of the great Catholic Church

than were most ministers outside professors' chairs. His large volume on "Bernard of Clairvaux: The Times, The Man, and His Work," reveals a great wealth of historical allusion and a scholar's grasp on one of the most interesting periods of the Church's life. The chapters read almost like an epic poem. They make one wonder whether, in our modern passion for directness of speech, our tendency towards the conversational manner in preaching, we are not losing some of the effectiveness of the beauty and art of such utterances as fill these pages. For beauty is effective after all, and perhaps such style as that of Dr. Storrs was an elevating thing just in itself.

The address at New Haven was his last as President of the American Board. He called it his "exaugural" address. There was at that time no building in New Haven capable of holding the crowds that came out to hear it. It was on The Foundation Truths of Missions, and contained some passages of lofty beauty. A solemn hush came over the big assembly, as with trembling voice he finished this, his tenth and last address as President of the American Board. None of us who heard them will forget these words:

"So, my dear friends and brethren, members of this Board, and Christian people interested in this work of missions, I bring to you these convictions, which, as I said, are not new, which were central in my heart and mind ten years ago when I faced you for the first time on the platform at Springfield, which have been only more and more thoroughly and

vitally enthroned in my mind and heart from that day to this. Let us work along the lines, and on the levels, of these cardinal and superlative convictions: that God has a plan in history, that we may work with that plan, and be as sure as we are of God's character, as sure as we are of God's being, that ultimate success shall crown it; and let us work with the Gospel, the gospel of life and salvation, which He has crowded and rammed with spiritual appeal to every soul of man. Let us work feeling that this is the opportunity of the ages, that this nation is the minister of God for the ages to come; by its position, by its power and resources, by its relation to other peoples, by its past history, it is the servant of God for furthering His divine designs on earth; and let us work always in the inspiration of that Holy Ghost who separated Barnabas and Saul to the work of missions, who separated the mediæval missionaries from all the quietness of monasteries and the seclusion and delight of libraries, to go out facing death that they might teach men of the Lord. Let us work under the power of that spirit which we have seen in our own missionaries, felt in our own hearts—felt more than once, thank God, in these great assemblies; and let us do promptly what we have to do!"

In 1897 Dr. Storrs resigned from the presidency of the American Board and it looked as though these great missionary addresses were to cease. But by an accident he was destined once again to present the grandeur of missions to a vast assembly, and this time to many distinguished Congregationalists from other lands. The International Congregational

Council met in Boston in the fall of 1899. Dr. C. M. Lamson, of Hartford, who had succeeded Dr. Storrs in the presidency of the American Board, had been asked to address the council on "The Permanent Motive in Missionary Work." Before the Council was convened this lovable man had passed away. Dr. Storrs was asked to take his place and speak on the same subject. Although Dr. Storrs had practically retired from public speaking he consented to come on this occasion, to every one's great joy. It will be remembered how beautifully he began his address: "It must strike one with a sense of unnaturalness, that the older tree should stand when the younger and more vigorous has been suddenly broken; and that I, who have been retired from every occasion of this kind for many months, should be suddenly called upon to take his place for the service which he would far more suitably have performed."

The meetings of the Council were held in Tremont Temple, and on the evening of Dr. Storrs' appearance the great audience rose to their feet to greet him. He was much affected. I happened to be seated immediately in front of him, in the first row. I was impressed with the extent to which he had aged since I had heard him two years before. But the moment he began to speak the old-time fire and eloquence returned, and before an assembly that had listened to two of the greatest addresses ever heard in Boston, one the sermon of the night before by Principal A. M. Fairbairn, of Oxford, the other the paper by Principal Peter Forsyth, of London, he

rose to heights that were truly sublime. Everybody was moved by the sheer beauty of the thing. Then we also felt that we were listening to the valedictory—as it proved to be—of the most eloquent preacher of the missionary gospel our generation had known. There were few dry eyes in the Temple as the grand old man uttered his last words:

"Oh, my friends, let us remember, wheresoever we labour, that our errand is to make this complex, complete, energetic missionary motive more clear to every mind, more thoroughly vigorous and energetic in every heart. Everything else must be postponed! Do not let us spend our strength in picking the Gospel to pieces, to see if we can't put it together again in a better fashion! Do not let us spend our strength in any denominational controversies or collisions. Let us give ourselves, with all our power, to making this immense missionary motive operative throughout all the churches, throughout and in all Christian hearts; till He shall come whose right it is to reign, and take unto Himself His great power, and rule King of Nations as well as King of Saints. Let us recognize this as the one truly magnificent errand for man on the earth. Let us be filled with the divine spirit, that we may accomplish it the more perfectly. Let us never intermit the service. And if, as we grow older, we grow weary with cares and labours, and it may be with sorrows, and are disposed sometimes to think we may now rest, let us remember the word of Arnauld, the illustrious Port Royalist, whom even his passionate enemies, the Jesuits, admitted to be great, of whom it is recorded that when some one

said to him 'You have laboured long, now is your time to rest!' his reply was, 'Rest? Why rest, here and now, when I have a whole eternity to rest in?' God in His grace opens that tranquil and luminous eternity to each of us, where we may rest in nobler praise and grander work, forevermore; and unto Him be all the praise!"

VII

GEORGE P. FISHER

ONE afternoon, some years before I went to college, I was walking along the streets of my native village, Peace Dale, when I noticed a stranger coming towards me. It was summer and he was carrying his hat in his hand. I was impressed at once by his appearance. For he was a handsome man. He was very bald on the top of his head, but there was a circle of beautiful white locks falling over his collar. There were also side whiskers of white hair, while the complexion was fresh and rosy. There was a twinkle in his eyes—how well I came to know that twinkle in after years—as he stopped me and asked where the road on which he was walking led to. I told him that it led to the ocean and he said that was just the thing he wanted to see. I did not then know that I was speaking to one of the three or four most famous historians of the Church this country has produced. But the next day, I saw by the local paper that Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale University, was visiting at the home of Rowland Hazard. Then I knew it was he whom I had met. I wished I had asked him to let me walk with him, for I had already become acquainted with one of his books, the "Manual of

Christian Evidences,'' which had been given me by a friend as containing the best arguments in favour of miracles and supernatural origin of Christianity that was to be had in compact and popular form. It still remains one of the best handbooks on Christian Apologetics, although it has been somewhat superseded by such books as Dr. James M. Whiton's ''Miracles and Supernatural Religion,'' and Dr. George A. Gordon's ''Religion and Miracle,'' both of which lift the discussion up into the high plane of religion, emphasizing the fact that before the great miracle of world redemption which Christ has wrought, the question of the miracles in the gospel records is of minor importance. They are matters purely of evidence, and the real miracle, the ethical and religious transformation of the race, Christianity itself, does not stand or fall by them. But Professor Fisher's little book, in which he carefully reviewed the evidences and at the same time argued for the supernatural origin of the Gospel on the ground that it had wrought a supernatural transformation in the world, had greatly helped me at a time when I had been reading Huxley's Lay Sermons and pamphlets by Professor Tyndale and Edward Clodd. (At that time the cheap editions of the various books by the large group of English agnostic scientists were to be found all over New England, issued as the ''Humboldt Library.'')

As I said, I was sorry I had not asked Professor Fisher if I might walk with him. As it happened I was to see a great deal of him in later days and to be his pupil for four years. I did not know this then,

for, although I was thinking of the ministry, I had Andover Theological Seminary in mind. But while I was in Yale College I made certain acquaintances which influenced me to stay on at Yale and take my divinity courses there. During the four years of college work I rarely saw Dr. Fisher. I attended all the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching—these lectures are always open to the whole University—and occasionally Professor Fisher would introduce the lecturer at the beginning of the course. But when, in the fall of 1894, I entered the Divinity School I came into contact with him at once. If I remember rightly Professor Day was Dean at that time but Professor Fisher became Dean shortly after I entered.

In Junior year I had Church History with him for a year, and during the whole of Senior year I studied the History of Christian Doctrine with him. Although I eventually saw a great deal of him out of class room hours, it will be interesting to say a word or two about him as a teacher. In the class room he was the picture of repose. Nothing ever ruffled the features of that placid face. He was calm, deliberate, quiet—too quiet to interest some—in conversation as well as in lecture. He pursued both the lecture and recitation method. He loved to call upon the bright men to recite. There were four or five men in each class who had exceptional memories and who studied hard. Upon these men he would call almost every day. He gave us certain portions of his own large volume, "The History of the Christian Church," to read and his lectures

generally consisted of free comment upon this text. His knowledge was beyond belief. There seemed to be nothing he did not know. Probably no student in the many years Professor Fisher taught at Yale ever asked him a question he could not answer. His histories, "The History of the Christian Church," "The History of Christian Doctrine," and "The History of the Reformation," partake of this defect as well as of this excellence—they are so packed with *fact* that the flow of style is impeded and the imagination does not find scope for free play.

And Professor Fisher had imagination. When, as frequently happened in the course of his lectures, he made a diversion to tell of his visit to some famous man, no one could be more delightful or weave a finer tissue of romance about a story. No one who heard him tell about his day with Cardinal Newman could ever forget it. He also told us about his hours with the great German scholars, all of whom he knew intimately. There was always a twinkle in his eyes when he intimated that his visits generally made them reconsider their advanced positions. He loved to tell about his private audience with the Pope. In this connection he always related the incident of his answer to the man who, speaking of a mutual friend who had been offered an impossible position, said: "He would no more think of taking that position than you would think of taking the Papacy were it offered to you." "To which I replied," said Professor Fisher, "I would take the Papacy in a second were it offered to me."

Professor Fisher dearly loved a good story and

there were a few which he told to every class that passed through his lecture room. One of these stories was so funny and cast such a true light on human nature that it invariably passed through the whole University within a week of its rehearsal. It was the story of the little boy who was taken to see a famous painting of the early Christians being eaten by the lions in the arena. Professor Fisher always told it with perfectly placid face: "Things do not always produce just the impression you expect. Once a mother took her little boy to see a famous painting of the early Christian being torn to pieces by the lions in the arena, while the great crowd of Romans was looking on enjoying the sport. The mother thought it would impress upon his mind forever the heroism of the early Christians. They stood for a long time before the picture—the child with staring eyes and open mouth. The mother was waiting for the child to speak. Then he spoke, pointing with his finger to a young lion on the outskirts of the picture. He said: 'Mother, that little lion over there ain't getting any.' "

Returning to Professor Fisher's imagination: when he left the field of history to enter the domain of theology, philosophy or criticism, his style was charming. Not only was it lucid and forceful, but it partook of the imaginative element in the highest degree. It appears at its best in "The Nature and Method of Revelation." This book is charmingly written and the appeal is to the ordinary reader as well as to the scholar. Had Professor Fisher devoted himself to philosophy instead of to history he would

have ranked high among American philosophers. He had the philosophic cast of mind. The only question is, whether, being by temperament thoroughly conservative, he would have had the daring to launch off into untried fields and to make those flights of speculation which are necessary to the philosopher who would survey the whole realms and possibilities of human thought. Let me say in passing that he loved the fantastical and the uncanny. He had a perfect horde of ghost stories which he delighted in relating to willing listeners.

Like many great men he had his foibles. He was very fond of bright and pretty women and could make himself most agreeable to them. To the many dinner parties which he gave in his charming home on Hillhouse Avenue to great men visiting the University he always took pains to invite two or three charming young women. And what dinner parties those were! What talk one heard there from great authors, scholars, preachers and historians. Few rooms have echoed to a more engrossing conversation than the book-lined walls of the big library where the company gathered after dinner. But while he was fond of the company of delightful women, and felt that they lent necessary charm to successful dinners and even to great talk, he was averse to women speaking in public. I doubt if he ever had a very exalted opinion of women's intellect, when it came to any trial of sustained thought. It was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to go to hear a woman speak in public. The story is told that this objection was finally broken down by the

appearance of Mrs. Ballington Booth in one of the evening services of the United Church on the Green. He had accepted an invitation to supper with her at Dr. Munger's house, and then had come to church with the party. The church was packed to the door, and he had to sit in one of the pulpit chairs. I can see him now, sitting in the big chair, with his black skull cap on his head, enthralled by the eloquence of that beautiful and wonderful woman. The sequel is more interesting still. He had vehemently opposed the appearance of women in the College Chapel on one or two occasions when it had been suggested. But when, a few weeks after Mrs. Booth had appeared in the United Church, it was proposed that she should speak in the Bethel Chapel before the college students, Professor Fisher was one of the warmest advocates of her appearance.

For several years Professor Fisher was the college pastor. His sermons were greatly enjoyed by the faculty, and by the most thoughtful students. But the preacher was a little too reserved and quiet to hold the attention of unthinking boys, and it is doubtful if he himself enjoyed this period of his life. He was a teacher and was happiest in the class room. Yet he had a sympathetic heart for youth, and men who went to him with real troubles found him a very kind friend. I cannot close these recollections of him without giving the story that was told of him when he was Dean of the Divinity School. One day the librarian noticed that several books were missing from the shelves. A few days later he noticed that others were gone. He under-

took a little detective work and soon caught one of the divinity students in the act of taking a book. The student was brought before the faculty, with Dean Fisher sitting at the head of the table. The Dean took the event as a very serious matter. He talked to the young man in a fatherly spirit, but made it evident that he thought the young man's relations with the seminary should cease. Finally, he turned to the young man and said: "Why did you take these books and what books were they?"

The young man answered, confessing that he had been tempted and had fallen, and saying that he repented of his act: "You see I was very greatly interested in church history and had no money with which to buy the books. So I took them from the shelves. They were mostly books by you, Professor Fisher."

It was said that the change that came over the old man's face was something worth seeing. He cleared his throat several times and sent the young man out of the room to wait outside. The moment the young man had closed the door he remarked: "It would be a pity to blight this young man's life right at the beginning because of this first offence, and I think he ought to be given another chance." It was the *taste* he displayed in books that saved his life.

VIII

ANDREW M. FAIRBAIRN

UP to the time that Dr. Fairbairn came to the Yale Divinity School to give the Lyman Beecher Lectures, I had met only two great philosophers, Rowland Gibson Hazard, author of the great book, "Hazard On the Will," and Professor George T. Ladd, whose occasional public lectures at Yale University I had eagerly attended. Philosophy had always had a peculiar fascination for me, so when I saw the announcement that Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, was to give eight lectures in the Divinity School, I could hardly wait his coming. Although I was only a college student I heard every one of the eight lectures, besides his great sermon in the College Chapel. I was glad, too, to discover that the lectures were to be theological, rather than simply on the preacher's art. His subject was "The Place of Christ in Modern Theology." They have since been published and they hold a high place in theological literature. But, as printed, they can never make quite the impression that they did as delivered in Marquand Chapel.

It is a Tuesday afternoon. The professors and the students are in the middle seats of the pretty little chapel—the side seats are filled with visitors,

while fifty or more people are standing by the organ in the rear of the chapel. Promptly at three the President of the University enters through the little door by the pulpit, followed by a Scotchman in the robes of a doctor of divinity. It is the great scholar from Oxford. The head and face are very striking. The hair is reddish, tinged with gray, and the face is covered with a reddish beard. The eyebrows are closely knit. The brow is the scholar's brow. The first word denotes the Scotchman. As he steps into the pulpit, after the introduction by the President, we wait for him to place his lecture on the desk and read. But there is no sign of paper anywhere. For a whole hour he plumbs the depths of thought, scales heights of noblest eloquence, utters sentence after sentence, perfect in form, rich in content, without pause or hesitation. Through eight lectures of an hour each this continues, to the amazement of every one present. Sometimes a paragraph of rhapsody occurs that simply dazes the hearers, as in that wonderful description of the ascent of man through the evolutionary process—his identity with the beast, then his wonderful differentiation. He holds the desk tight, with a hand on either side and occasionally rises on tiptoe, sways back and forth at times, and pours forth thought which other great thinkers produce at their desk with painstaking care. (Professor George T. Ladd, of Yale, has this same ability of thinking on his feet. As I recall him he never read a lecture.) It is all wonderful, amazing, an exhibition of what the intellect, when touched with greatness, can accomplish.

The sermon, preached in the University Chapel on the first Sunday of his stay in New Haven, was equally impressive and eloquent. Many of the preachers who came to Battell Chapel felt they must talk in terms of the campus, or the athletic field, at least use simple and concrete forms of thought. Not so this doughty warrior of the faith, this Scotch philosopher and theologian. There were no sermonettes in his make-up and no twenty-minute homilies. The moment he started outlining his sermon at the beginning—as he did—it was evident that we were in for a forty-five-minute sermon, with leanings towards an hour. But never had I known a sermon more enjoyed by those two thousand boys, never had I seen them more interested. For nearly an hour he reasoned with them on the blessed life. The sermon was a great contention that real satisfaction in life came from the love we gave, rather than from the love we received. There was no courting of popularity. It was just the same sermon he would have preached to the Philosophical Society. But the men were held by the sheer greatness of thought, and the wonderful personality of the preacher—partly, too, by the *intensity* of it all, which is a great secret of preaching. It is hard not to be interested in a man who is leaning over, looking into your face, and talking with all his soul to *you*. In the course of the sermon there was a sudden revelation of the dramatic power of the man. He told the story of Silas Marner, how his salvation came, how he found life again when he had to tend the little child left by its poor mother at the door of his hut.

I have never heard Battell Chapel so quiet before or since, as during those five minutes. It is the *thinker* after all who holds audiences whether the audiences are boys or men.

While he was in New Haven I took matters into my own hands and called upon him one day. He seemed very glad that I had come. "I wish more students would come and see me," he said. I told him that I was not in the theological school, only in the college, but that I intended to study for the ministry. He became interested at once and began talking about the need of ministers, both in England and America, who were more thoroughly trained in the philosophy of religion. Men were always interested, he said, in the philosophy of life, and the preacher should always think his way through to such a philosophy of life under the Christian revelation. He also said something which I believe with all my heart, that the average man is very much interested in philosophy. He said that there was a settlement house in London where he sometimes went to address large groups of working men. In no other subjects did they show such keen interest as in philosophy, or in religion, when presented from its philosophic side. He thought that the preacher should be a teacher. He felt sure that the preachers would be much more sought after by the masses if the preachers were real scholars and gave courses of sermons on the greatest themes that engaged the human mind. He instanced Dr. Dale, Dr. Chalmers, Canon Liddon, and Dr. Tulloch, as illustrations. He did not know how it was in America, but in England

the most popular lectures were those given by the greatest scholars of the kingdom. "Let one of the big Oxford or Cambridge professors go to a town to lecture and everybody turns out to hear him, and the more he challenges their intellect, the better they like him." "There is great danger in saying too much about a simple gospel. As a matter of fact, religion is not simple. It is the attempt to solve problems that have baffled the ages. We Christians believe we have found the solution, but we must be careful lest we give men who know the problem of life to be vast, perplexing, many sided, the idea that we do not realize its greatness, and do not realize that the answer must be as vast and profound as the question." It was a very interesting visit and I have always been glad I had that twenty minutes with one of the great scholars of our day.

It was in 1899 that I saw Dr. Fairbairn again. This time it was in Boston at the International Congregational Council. It was a great gathering and many eminent men of Great Britain and America were there. Some of the ablest addresses I have heard were delivered at that gathering. But Principal Fairbairn's sermon and Dr. Richard S. Storrs' address on Missions stirred me most. It was such a treat to hear really *great* preaching—the kind one reads about, but so rarely hears; the kind that stirs one like great music, that opens up big vistas, that takes one up and surrounds one with a cloud of glory, that makes the brain rejoice. We heard great preaching that Tuesday night, an hour and a half of it. It was in the Tremont Temple. There is a brass

rail running across the platform on either side of the desk. Dr. Fairbairn seized upon it with delight, grasping it with both hands and sort of balancing himself upon it part of the time. The sermon was on "The Idea of the Church," and dealt with such subjects as the composition of the Church, the invisible Church and the visible Churches, the condescension of Christ in consenting to live in the Church, Christ sovereign in the Church, the reproduction of Christ in His Church, by its functions and its acts. What a joy it was to sit just below the preacher and see the great brain working, as it were. And I wonder if many ever heard a more spontaneous burst of real eloquence than that paragraph on the condescension of Christ. The audience could hardly contain itself. Even when read the greatness remains. Note how, in twenty lines, the whole fabric of sectarian arrogation on which our great divisions rest, is made absurd and ridiculous:

"You see, then, that there is the magnanimity of Christ—He consents to live in communities that vainly call themselves Presbyterian or Independent, Baptist or Methodist, and there is still greater humility in His being ready to dwell in proud communities which speak of themselves as imperial, infallible or apostolic. Oh, I sometimes think that the hardest text in Scripture is, 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh.' If there be divine laughter, must it not often be at the follies of men who think that they hold God in their custody and distribute Him to whomsoever they will? The last apostasy is to be insolent to the humblest member of Christ's

body. His highest and most condescending grace is manifested in consenting to abide in communities too proud to regard the Christian brotherhood. There He reigns in them all, tolerating their very errors for the sake of the loving works they do. And yet how sad it must be when He who loves to see the travail of His soul is forced to see this perfervid profanity of man daring to put time into the eternal, to bind immensity to a little spot in space, and to tie the holy and divine infinitude of grace to some fallible doctrines of mortal man!''

The fact of Dr. Fairbairn being present at the Council brought together a larger assembly than usual, and the advantage of his presence had to be seized. One session was devoted to the study of the distinctive characteristics of Christianity—the characteristics that differentiated it from other religions. Of all men present, Dr. Fairbairn was the man to treat this subject. Not only had he made comparative religion a lifelong study; but he had also lectured in India and held conferences there with the leaders of Hindu thought. His address on ''The Influence of the Study of Other Religions Upon Christian Theology'' was one of the most illuminating heard at the Council. His conclusions as expressed in his closing words made a deep impression and are worthy of being recalled. They were as follows:

''If there is any one lesson more than another the religions of the world teach us, it is this: Leave man with something to do to propitiate God, and he will devise rites and follow practices which will at once

lower God in the eye of reason, deprave his own conscience, undignify his own nature, and transform the main instrument of his elevation into the main agent of his deterioration and decay. This is no rash generalization: it is simple, stern, indubitable fact. The rites of appeasement or propitiation are in all religions the focus of the forces that materialize and deprave.''

''But how does this affect Christian theology? It brings out the contrast of its one sacrifice to all sacrifices. God takes it out of the hands of man and offers it Himself. Its qualities are all ethical, for they are all of Him. And He offers it once for all. It can never be repeated, man can never share it, it stands in its divine solitude an object of faith, capable of acceptance, incapable of repetition. And so there is satisfied man's deep need of reconciliation with God, while he is saved from the evils incident to buying the reconciliation on his own terms and in his own way. To have made evident the gain to religion by the abolition, through God's own act and His Son's obedience of all propitiatory rites and sacrifices, may be classed as the last and most noble achievement of our comparative study of religions.''

By far the liveliest incident of the Council was the fierce onset upon the theological seminaries made by President William DeWitt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, and President William F. Slocum, of Colorado College. The whole method of instruction was characterized as antiquated, the lecture system prevalent in most of them was useless as a means of real instruction, the students were not encouraged

in individual investigation or in initiative, there was no real mental discipline, the subjects taught had little real bearing upon the work of the ministry, the real subjects, such as ethics, sociology, biology, the tendencies of modern thought, and the great literatures of the world were neglected, with the result that the churches were being served by a lot of half educated men. Here are a few sentences from President Hyde's address which are typical: "Our seven seminaries have plants aggregating in value $1,600,000. They have endowment funds amounting to more than $4,000,000. They have an annual income of $233,000. They have only 299 students of whom sixty-four are taught in special departments where foreign languages are used, leaving only 235 English-speaking students on whom the bulk of $233,000 is expended annually. Yet, with nearly $1,000 to spend on each man every year, how meagre and pitiful the educational result. A little Hebrew, which is speedily forgotten; Greek enough to render the commentary intelligible; and three note books, one full of unverified church history, another full of unassimilated dogmatics, a third full of unapplied homilitical suggestions about as practical as instructions for swimming given to a man in a two by four bath-tub: This is about the sum and substance of the theological education men have taken with them from the seminaries in years gone by. What wonder that every minister you talk with speaks with righteous indignation of the utterly inadequate equipment he received." To say that these addresses were irritating is to use a mild expression.

They stirred up the one really heated debate of the Council. And the fact that everybody knew that there was some truth in the accusations made the brethren more indignant still. Finally Dr. Fairbairn, as President of the Theological School in Oxford (Mansfield College), was called upon and he spent twenty minutes putting the other side. And he put it very decidedly, much to the joy of that section of the Council that had been offended by Dr. Hyde's and Dr. Slocum's addresses. While my own sympathies were somewhat with our American friends, I greatly enjoyed hearing this witty Scotchman say what he thought of Dr. Hyde's accusations. As one who had been giving his life to the preparing of men for the ministry he was not inclined to accept the arraignment; he said: "I can hardly conceive that seminaries in America should be in such a state of unrelieved impotence. Then I further differ, and radically, from him in his intimation that theology is such a poor subject that you must bring in English literature and sociology and Hegelian ethics and other rudimentary things, in order to help it out. No; if a seminary starts out to teach theology, will it have time to turn aside into the playground and make all manner of fanciful digressions and encroach on the domain of the professors of art or the professors of economics? No! Before you drill a man in the Old Testament and its tongue, before you drill a man in the New Testament and its tongue, before you drill a man in the history of the Church and its doctrine, before you drill a man in the apprehension of that doctrine, before you pass him over

the history of religions and the philosophy that would interpret their history, before you oblige him to stand face to face with all the deepest questions that can engage the mind of man, you will find that you will have so taxed him as indeed to bring him to that high and noble education which comes from facing the greatest things in the most sober and earnest spirit." It was a good thing that the controversy arose in the Council. It was reflected in the press for many months, and no doubt had much to do with that reshaping and enlarging of the curriculum of the theological seminaries that has been going on during the past fifteen years.

My last glimpse of President Fairbairn was when he came to New York University to give the Deems' Lectures.

These lectures were published a few years after their delivery in a volume containing various other lectures and addresses dealing mostly with the Church. They attracted wide attention at the time and hundreds of clergymen came to hear them. Perhaps no other lecturer had drawn together quite so distinguished a group of ministers for many years. One could see men of world-wide reputation whichever way one turned. Again the lecturer overwhelmed his audience with the pure force of his commanding intellect, the inexhaustible store of knowledge. The lectures dealt largely with the character and teaching of St. Paul and St. John, and although the lecturer did not have even notes before him, he quoted almost everything the apostles had written and occasionally indulged in utterances

of cogent reasoning and flights of eloquence that seemed impossible apart from the written word. I think I have never listened to any other man who so impressed me with sheer brain power. I heard him almost every time he spoke in his three visits to America.

One passage in these lectures still stands out in my memory, both because of its characterization of St. Paul and because of its testimony to the universality of revelation. Let me quote it in closing this chapter:

"We do not regard Paul as either an accident or a special creation of Deity. He belongs to the order we know; nature could not have been complete without him, nor could he have been without nature. The mind he possessed made him the apostle he became; the faith he preached embodied his ideas. He translated the religion of Jesus which was personal, into the religion of Christ which was universal. He is to us, then, a man who has heard the call of God; and his call can assume many forms. It may come through a man and be sealed by a council, or may be incarnated in a vision which no one can see save him whose vision it is, or in a voice which can be heard by no other ear than by an ear attuned and listening; but however it may come, the one thing essential is:—it descends from God. Because of its original source, it has an authority so sovereign and ultimate that neither man nor council can cancel it. Its effect is to make the new man equal to work the old man never could have performed. It coördinates energies that had, by contending against each other,

paralyzed his strength. Where God has once spoken He can again speak; where He has been welcomed He neither ceases to visit nor grow weary. The call is no miracle; it happens in conformity with the personal capacity of the man; his social environment and history are its antecedents. It comes, not like a flash out of a cloudless heaven; but is rather like the creative word, which was never so natural as when it took shape in plants and animals and men, bidding each be and bear fruit after its kind."

IX

BARONESS BERTHA VON SÜTTNER

AMONG all the distinguished men and women of whom I have been writing in these chapters the Baroness von Süttner certainly had lived the most romantic life. From childhood to old age she moved continually in the center of great movements, took part in momentous events, visited all countries, and was on familiar terms with all the great men and women of the last sixty years. Her memoirs, published in two large volumes by Ginn and Company, make more interesting reading than almost any historical novel I have known—and they have all the prime ingredients of a lively story, thwarted love, elopements, blissful years in the fastnesses of the Caucasus, long years in court circles and palaces, acquaintanceship with the geniuses and the mighty, participation in all the political and international movements of the time. And they are so charmingly, frankly, intimately written that one quickly falls in love with the writer, and does not wonder that the young von Süttner completely lost his head after a few days of acquaintanceship, and ran away with the beautiful governess.

Baroness Bertha von Süttner was born in 1843 in Prague. Her father, Count Kinsky of Clunic and

Tetlau, died when she was a little child and for several years the Countess Kinsky spent her time passing from one city to another, and one pleasure to another. She lived in Vienna, Paris (where she studied voice culture), Hamburg, Baden, and other cities and met every one of account in court, opera, theatre, literature and the Church. She was presented at court and had many admirers. In 1872 she became engaged to Prince Witt-Gaustein and in connection with this came her first great sorrow. He died while crossing the Atlantic to America.

This catastrophe meant that the young Countess, who had title and family but little money, had now to consider the means of living. She was thirty, had perfect command of four languages, had achieved considerable reputation as a singer—what could she, a Countess, turn to? Hardly had she given the matter a thought before she was invited to become a member of the family of the baronial house of Süttner. Here the care and instruction of four beautiful grown-up daughters were committed to her. It was a very happy life they all lived together until Arthur von Süttner, the handsome, irresistible, high-minded son of the family, aged twenty-three, appeared on the scene. Three or four picnics are enough, evidently, to make them both madly in love with each other. But she is thirty and poor, while he is only twenty-three and can marry any of the richest girls at court. The family evidently are counting on his doing that and the young Countess prepares to leave. She sees an advertisement in a

Paris paper where "a very wealthy, cultured elderly gentleman living in Paris, desires to find a lady also of mature years, familiar with languages, as secretary and manager of his household." The Countess Kinsky did not stop to weigh the question of maturity. She was in a hurry. She wrote—so she tells us in her autobiography—at once, telling her story. She got a reply signed "Alfred Nobel."

Here was another one of those mysterious workings of chance—or was it Providence?—that brought together these two kindred souls. For the great scientist had already reached that detestation of war as a method of determining right and wrong or as a means of advancing civilization which marked all his later career. At the time the young Countess Kinsky went to him at Paris he was lonely, melancholy, somewhat at a loss what to do with his vast fortune and intent on inventing some horrible machine that would make war utterly impossible. The Countess did not stay with him long, for the love between young von Süttner and herself was so great that they could not remain apart. Hardly had she reached Paris before she received a telegram from her sweetheart from Vienna, "I cannot live without thee." This was too much for her. She jumped on the train for Vienna, and rushed into von Süttner's arms. They were secretly married and then went off to live in the Caucasus, where the Baroness had many relatives and friends.

Any one who wishes to read of those nine idyllic years in the Caucasus can do so in the autobiography. It was simply like a fairy story. In 1885 the von

Süttner family, having for some time realized that their son had made an ideal marriage, and really liking the young Baroness in the bottom of their hearts, insisted on their returning home to live at the castle at Harmannsdorf. There were great celebrations upon their return, but a change was coming over the Baroness. The acquaintance with Alfred Nobel had ripened into a correspondence. A revulsion against war was rising, she hardly knew how or why, in her own breast. Meantime she worked away on her first two books, which appeared in due season, "Romance of an Author" and "The Age of Machinery." When these were finished she and her husband went to Paris to live for a few weeks. Here as they went from reception to reception, meeting nightly the great statesmen, poets, dramatists, actors, artists and the women famous as conversationalists and manipulators of men, they found that the conversation was only of war, revenge, strategy, national ambition, with the sword as instrument. Baroness von Süttner had found the same thing in the Austrian capital. War was the chief business of a nation. Any sense of its contradiction of all the high impulses of brotherhood held by the founders of our religion, or any sense of antagonism between aggressive or revengeful war and the whole spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ seemed utterly lacking in the world, outside a few select souls to whom she was already being drawn, Nobel, Renan, Tolstoy, Passy, Bremer, Mirzy, Schaffer the artist, Hodgson, Pratt, Professor Virchow and others. For in every country in Europe the vision of a new international

order was dawning. She talked much with Nobel. The result of this visit to Paris was the sudden birth in her mind of a book against war. She rushed back to her castle at Harmannsdorf and wrote the now famous novel, "Die Waffen Nieder," or "Away with Weapons." The titles given various English translations are misleading. "Throw Down Your Arms," "Lay Down Your Arms," "Ground Arms"—none of these conveys the real idea of the book, which is away from *arms* as a means of settling international disputes to courts of justice, parliaments of nations, federations of powers in friendly community endeavour. In a copy of the book which she gave me in 1908, when I met her in London, she has brought out this juxtaposition of ideas by the autograph inscription: "Lay down your arms, but take up your arms in the war waged on all evil—Bertha von Süttner."

"Die Waffen Nieder" is a novel written in the first person, purporting to be "The autobiography of Martha von Tilling." It is a novel pure and simple and its author never endured the horrible agonies described in the book. But so sympathetic was her artistic nature with the great burden of the world that everybody supposed it to be the story of her own experiences. It was a great question as to how it would be received. For it is as terrible an indictment of war as is "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of slavery. And the war habit and the belief in war as an eternal and fundamental institution were universal, while slavery was defended only by a part of mankind. The Baroness once told me about her first

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experience with publishers. She had freed her soul in the book and when she came to the end the question at once arose: "Will any one in Europe dare publish it?" She sent the manuscript to that great magazine which published her other books serially and got this note back at once: "It is with regret that we find ourselves compelled to return your manuscript. Many of our readers would take offence at what it contains." She tried one editor after another—none of them dared touch it. To attack war as an institution was the same as attacking Christianity itself. Finally she sent the book to the publisher of her previous books, abandoning all hope of getting it into a magazine. He was aghast at it. The book seemed to him incendiary, dangerous. It might even come under the condemnation of the state as revealing mutiny against existing institutions. He advised the author at least to submit the manuscript to some leading statesmen for judgment and for modification. The Baroness would not budge an inch, and finally Pierson yielded. She said it was pitiable to see him as the first issues were put on the market. He thought only a few would be bought anyhow, but that those few would bring the universe down upon him. They did, but not as he expected. To the surprise of himself, Baroness von Süttner and everybody else the book sold by the hundreds of thousands. Five different translations were made in Russia, and it appeared in English, French, Scandinavian translations before a year was up. It put her at the front in the great movement which now numbers presidents and prime

ministers among its leaders at a time when only a prophet here and there had raised his voice. One can find in this book and in her other writings the seeds of all that President Wilson, Mr. Taft, Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith and Lord Bryce are now saying in every utterance. Henceforth she was a prominent figure in every international gathering, in every peace conference, and she did much to establish the Interparliamentary Union in Europe.

I had the pleasure of meeting Baroness von Süttner many times, both in Europe and America. When the Second Hague Conference convened in 1907 the various peace organizations of the world decided to send delegates to The Hague to express to the Conference the sympathy of the vast numbers of people in every land with the great task they were undertaking, namely, the substitution of judicial processes for war in the settlement of international disputes. Professor Samuel T. Dutton, Dr. Hamilton Holt and I were sent by the New York Peace Society. When we arrived at The Hague we found representatives of similar organizations from our own country and from some of the countries of Europe. This little group soon formed the habit of meeting day by day to talk over what was being done by the official Conference of the nations, and also to formulate questions we wished to have the Conference consider, and, having formulated them, we considered means to urge upon the Conference their adoption. William T. Stead was there, and was editing a daily paper dealing with the proceedings of the Conference. This paper became a sort of organ of our

opinions and brought them—at least we hoped it did—to the attention of the Conference. Of all who attended these daily meetings Baroness von Süttner stood out most prominently. She was radiantly happy, and prolific in suggestion. At last the things for which she had been contending for years, arbitration treaties, a world court, international friendship and coöperation, the limitation of armaments, the community of nations, the bringing up of international relationships out of the world of pagan principles to that high ethical and Christian level on which the relationship of individuals moved, seemed about to be realized. As the Conference adopted or partially adopted these new and revolutionary principles and schemes, one after another, she was almost beside herself with joy. The chief obstacle to every step forward towards these ends was Germany. Germany seemed actually bewildered at the steps taken and became frightened. There were Germans enough who rejoiced, but the government held back. Baroness von Süttner, with her wide acquaintance with German officials, was able to render great service at this point. Hardly a day went by that she did not engage the German and Austrian delegates in conversation, and no one can ever accurately measure the service she rendered in this regard.

I saw a great deal of the Baroness during these days. It was an inspiration for a lifetime to come in contact with her unwavering faith. I remember so well a conversation with her one evening in the hotel. In substance she said: "Whether what we are after in life come soon or late, that is not the

point. If a thing is right it is one's duty to urge it day and night, whether the world heed or not. When I wrote *Die Waffen Nieder* I was almost alone in Austria and Germany. But I did not care. I had had a task laid upon me and my only concern was to perform it. I have lived to see thousands come around to my point of view and I have lived to see this—the nations themselves assembled to discuss the things I urged. But I should have spoken my message just the same even had no one heeded. To speak the new truth is its own reward. No one realizes the magnitude of the obstacles in our way more than I. You can never feel them as I do, for I have grown up in the heart of militarism. In Central Europe it is as much a creed as Christianity itself. In America it is not a creed. But my faith and hope are as strong as yours. If I can have faith, it ought to be easy for you. The mere fact though that the nations have come together even to discuss these things is more than any of us dreamed possible twenty years ago. And when the people begin *to question* an institution that is the beginning of its end."

She talked much along these lines and it gave high courage to us all. It has sustained many of us during these four years of testing. But we are seeing several of the nations turning towards her principles as the hope of the world. When I hear Mr. Asquith saying that there is no hope for the future civilization of Europe except in a partnership of nations, and when I read President Wilson's messages saying that the issue of this war must be a

concert of friendly nations pledged to keep the peace of the world, I think of her, and sometimes, when I am glad she was spared the agony of these years, I also wish she might have lived to hear the statesmen of Great Britain and the President of the United States proclaiming her dreams as the realities that must now come.

I saw much of her at the International Peace Congresses held in Munich in 1907 and in London in 1908. I remember one afternoon when several of us were having tea together some one ventured to express a criticism of these congresses on the ground that representation in them was not broad enough. They had passed into the hands of a cult, and had lost much of their influence for that reason. Her eyes flashed fire as she exclaimed: "And what movement ever stirred the world which did not originate in a cult? Was there ever so much of a cult as the early Christians? Were they not for years just a little cult of enthusiasts? Were they not even considered a band of fanatics and dreamers, as we are called to-day? Was it not just that *unity* of the message, the unity that can be found only in a cult, that gave it its invincible power? As for me, I believe that a few of us who *believe*, giving forth an unqualified message and an uncompromising ideal, are more of a power in Europe than any group, embracing *half-believers* and sending forth a qualified message and pious generalities, could ever be." There is much to be said for her point of view.

It was in Munich that she showed me the article which she wrote in January, 1892, about the Interna-

tional Peace Congress at Rome—showed to me principally because it quoted certain words which she thought among the finest that had ever been uttered, words spoken by Ruggero Bonghi at the closing session. They echoed what was always in her own soul, and they are very beautiful and full of faith:

"Let us keep ever before our eyes the sacred purpose which we have set before us; let us work with such fiery zeal as if the attainment of this depended wholly on us, and as if we could attain it even tomorrow. If others hinder us, then it is not our fault. Let us scorn those that jeer at us and pity those that do not understand us. What we desire is the noble, the just, the beneficent; and if there be any one who believes that these things are forever denied to men, then for God's sake and for man's sake let him hold his tongue, for life would be altogether too sad if we all had to think as he does."

But as I glanced through the article I found words of her own at the end which are equally prophetic and beautiful:

"And when we all stood in the great arena listening to the explanations of the professor who was detailed by the government to guide us, that the gladiatorial contests were counted 'the indispensable' for the Romans, we could not but say to each other, 'And yet people have learned to dispense with them and to abhor them.' So if to-day many still count war indispensable, what does that prove? Or, again, many of us might make this observation: at bottom it was an innocent gratification to look on

and see how a few dozen wrestlers—criminals at that, condemned to death—stretch each other on the sand or are killed by wild beasts, compared to that other custom of drilling millions of innocent men for the giant arena in which they are to be mangled and dashed to pieces, not by lions and tigers, but by artificial murder machines.''

''In one of the little Pompeian houses an ancient inscription was still perceptible on the wall. Our professor of archeology read it off: 'A woe to him who cannot love; a double woe to him who would prohibit love.'

''Then the thought thrilled through me: 'O ye who would hinder us from working at the weaving of the band that is to gird all nations together in accord, ye who scoff at us because we would choke out hereditary hate, because we would fan the flame of the love of humanity—a double woe to you!' ''

When Baroness von Süttner was in America I was with her many times. I had the pleasure of accompanying her upon several occasions when she was speaking to various groups in New York. My last recollection of her is at the great luncheon which Mrs. Elmer Black gave for her at Sherry's before she sailed for home. Mrs. Black had invited several hundred of the leading women of the city to meet her, and she was greatly pleased at this tribute of appreciation. I was allowed to drop in while the after-luncheon speaking was going on. Her words were the last I heard her speak. The address was very fully reported in the papers, but the whole impression could not be conveyed in print. The Baroness,

advanced in years, spoke with the consciousness that these would be her last words in this country. She implored the women present, first, *to believe* in the possibility of a new international order; and secondly, to work for it as those who believed. There were so many people who said, "This thing is good and ought to be, but it is impossible." If everybody in the world had felt that way nothing would ever have been accomplished. The things we are enjoying to-day were once the impossibles. They became possible when a sufficient number believed. All we want will pass from the realm of impossibles into the world of realities if only all who believe strive for them regardless of probability or possibility. She had seen such changes in her life that nothing any longer seemed impossible to her.

X

"J. B."
(Jonathan Brierley)

FOR several years there appeared a weekly editorial in *The Christian World,* of London, signed "J. B." and no one outside the editorial circle knew who was the owner of these mysterious initials. Curiosity was soon aroused because it was seen that the two-column articles were taking rank with the finest things being written in Great Britain. Indeed it was not long before people were saying there were no such editorials as these except from Nicoll, Hutton and Stead. They showed a mind that had thoroughly reflected on all the great problems of the soul and of society. They showed a thorough acquaintance with the best philosophical and theological thought of all ages. Above all they showed an acquaintance with all the literatures of the world that was simply marvellous, although it probably had its explanation in the reading done in the years of enforced idleness in Switzerland while recuperating from severe illness. When Thomas Davidson, that wandering scholar, died, a London paper remarked that the man who probably knew more than any other man in the world, with the exception of three or four, had passed away. Surely "J. B." must have been among the "three or four." For those of us who knew him knew that no one could

mention any book or any period of history that he did not know all about. (I shall refer in a moment to the wonder of this in speaking of his books.) The articles attracted more and more attention. Thoughtful men from all over the world began writing to *The Christian World* asking: "Who is this remarkable 'J. B.'?" Then a volume of these collected essays—for they were essays rather than editorials, essays in real distinction of style and in conveying evidence of infinite pains—appeared under the title "Studies of the Soul." It immediately attracted wide attention and "J. B." became known as a man, not merely as a name.

With the disclosure to the public of his personality a most interesting life-story came to light. Jonathan Brierley had entered the ministry some years before with all the promise of a brilliant career. He was, as may well be judged from his writings, an unusually stimulating preacher. He held important pastorates in Devon, North London and South London, when suddenly at the age of forty-three he collapsed completely and had to drop all work. It was the kind of breakdown which to a soul less courageous than Brierley's would have meant the end of all public life. He knew that it meant the end of preaching, for it was evident that neither his voice nor his body could stand the strain of public speaking. Most men would have sought some quiet secretarial position or some business opening. It was evident that henceforth he must pursue a double struggle, one to keep his health, the other to secure a livelihood. But although already forty-three, and

although twenty years had been spent in a calling that must now be closed, he determined to begin all over again, and to make the place for himself in the world of literature that had been denied him in the pulpit.

Throwing up everything connected with his work he departed for Switzerland. He took a house at Neuchatel, where there was a fine library. He took many books from England. He immediately settled down to several hours of reading daily, spending also four or five hours daily in walking amidst the exquisite mountains. Slowly health came back, although he was never a strong man again and always had to eschew preaching and public life; rapidly the mind began to surge and seethe under the stimulus of book and mountain. It was not long before he tried an essay on *The Christian World,* of London. The editors recognized its superior quality at once. Another and another came—signed simply "J. B." People began to look for them. Soon they became a weekly feature of the paper, and after several months' sojourn in Switzerland "J. B." came back to London to join the staff of *The Christian World.* From this time on, almost to the day of his death, an essay appeared every week without intermission. The world is familiar with them now in the seven or eight volumes that have been published, under such titles as "The Growing of a Soul," "Ourselves and the Universe," "Our City of God," "Life and the Ideal," "Religion and Experience" and "Problems of Personal Living." These volumes have found their way into every

nation. Mr. Jeffs has devoted one chapter of his interesting book, "Jonathan Brierley: His Life and Work," to "The Post Bag of 'J. B.'" It reveals the extent of his correspondence. He received letters from all sorts and conditions of readers and from all parts of the world. To these letters he wrote long and helpful answers. They are more personal than the essays, although the essays themselves are the fruit of his experience as much as they are the product of his reading and thinking. In some of these letters he reveals the processes of his thinking as well as the results. They show a soul that had come to the clear light through much darkness, had come to a resting place through many wanderings. I happen to be the possessor of some of these letters. In the last letter which I received from him he struck the key-note of his life. After thanking me for my expression of gratitude for the help he had rendered me and others, he remarks how "after all, it is our contribution to life that gives life its real value and brings the deepest and most lasting satisfaction." When, during the last year of his life, at the suggestion of his dear friend of many years, Dr. James M. Whiton, I asked him to write one article a month for *The Christian Work,* he wrote that he had received many letters from Americans about his books, and that "it would become a real joy to speak regularly to a great American audience on the deep things of the soul." These articles immediately attracted attention and I had the pleasure of forwarding to him many letters from American readers which must have greatly cheered him in his last year.

"J. B." was as interesting in conversation as in his writings. It is not always that our best thinkers can express themselves as freely and as profoundly in their *impromptu* talk as in their writings. But, although the one essay a week was carefully and leisurely written, sometimes when he found himself the center of a group that comprehended or in the presence of one answering heart, he would unburden himself in language which had all the richness of thought and the perfection of style that characterized his written words.

A member of the National Liberal Club, of which "J. B." was a member, has left the following rather interesting account of him as a talker. What he says about the crowd gathering about him whenever he appeared was generally true. Dr. J. Morgan Gibbon has told us that the same thing always happened in the Eclectic Club—a ministers' association—whenever he appeared:

"He liked to do the lion's share of the talking. In fact he loved an audience. When in the club circle he was always eager to talk, but reluctant to listen. About the time of the 1906 General Election he joined the National Liberal Club and two or three days a week went there to lunch. Gradually he became known to an ever-expanding circle of Free Churchmen who foregathered in the smoke-room, and 'J. B.'s' presence in the group was always welcomed. He thoroughly enjoyed these impromptu little fraternal gatherings. And when he was there the group would swell in size. The range and scope of 'J. B.'s' interest and knowledge often amazed his

fellow members at the N. L. C. Even on political matters his table-talk was distinguished. His mind was soaked in history and his spirit was democratic—with a radicalism which was almost revolutionary in its revulsion from territorial tyrannies and hereditary privilege. The calm insolence with which the peers after the General Election of 1906 set to work and smashed all the Liberal Government's legislative endeavours maddened 'J. B.' His fury was quite explosive. But it was when conversation dropped away from politics into the realms of travel and literature or art that 'J. B.'s' talk was most fascinating. His optimism never flickered. It was always in full flame. One day a Free Church Minister and novelist gave utterance to a pessimistic plaint in 'J. B.'s' presence. He was almost shocked. 'No, no, you've no right to be a pessimist,' he said. 'I'm the only man here with that right, but I'm an optimist through and through. For the last twenty years I've had "an inside" that has played all sorts of unconscionable tricks upon me. I never know when I get up in the morning whether I shall not before the end of the day have been sent to bed for a week or a fortnight. But every morning when I get up as I sit on the side of the bed and pull on my breeches, I say to myself: "Brierley, you old rascal, you get infinitely more than your deserts." ' After that occasion, pessimistic utterances were restrained in the presence of 'J. B.' His optimism when he had so much right to be pessimistic silenced cheap pessimism."

It was at the National Liberal Club that I first met

"J. B." When I reached London I found an invitation awaiting me to lunch with him there. I had read every word he had written for ten years and felt well acquainted with him. I was a little taken aback when I first saw him. He was waiting for me by the door. I had a little of the feeling that Miss Masson had when she first met Browning. "He looked like a real prosperous business man." The "Prophet of Fleet Street," as Mr. Jeffs calls him, had none of the marks of the prophet about him. But when, after dinner, we got to talking about the state of religion in England the prophetic fire soon flashed out and I listened to one of the most wonderful "discourses" I have ever heard. It really was a discourse, for I said nothing. I saw other men casting envious eyes in our direction and no doubt they would have come over had I not been a stranger and his guest. One thing on which he dwelt is very significant in the light of what has happened since, namely, that Christianity while it had purified the souls of many men had not yet come to have any regulative power in social, industrial or international relations. He feared climaxes in the labour world and in international relationships over which the Church would have no control. His words about the powerlessness of the Church in the face of the great chasm between capital and labour sound remarkably like those put into the mouth of the helpless bishop in Mr. Wells' novel "The Soul of a Bishop," and his words about the helplessness of the Church before international wars sound much like Mr. Galsworthy's recent indictments. But un-

like Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy he believed the Church's great conquests of the future were to be in these realms. Smugness was the great danger of the Church. "What might happen if the Church should make some great venture." Twice in succeeding summers I called on "J. B." in Fleet Street and had interesting hours. No one would ever have dreamed that he was talking with a man whose whole life was a fight against insidious disease. Week after week came the prophetic, hopeful word. Thousands waited for it. Few essays have been written during the last fifty years richer in suggestion to the thoughtful mind.

XI

ROBERT COLLYER

I PRESUME that many of my readers have often had the same experience with an autobiography that I have had; when one has entered upon its pages one cannot stop until one has read to the end. I have several times found myself reading until two in the morning, unconscious of time, when I have been following some prophetic man through his fascinating life-story. Only recently I have had this experience with two of these stories: one the reminiscences of Edward Clodd, the great scientist; the other Bishop Boyd Carpenter's story, with its interesting glimpses of the great men of England of his generation. How well I remember the night I began "Some Memories," by Robert Collyer. I had recently moved from Lenox to New York, and although I had of course heard of Robert Collyer all my life, and had read many of his sermons—and what beautiful, sunlit sermons they are—and although he was living in New York as Pastor Emeritus of the Church of the Messiah, I had not seen him nor met him. One Monday evening—perhaps in 1905—"Some Memories" came in from the bookstore, and I sat down by the lamp to glance

through the book. The spell of its first pages soon came upon me and I stopped not until I had reached the end. What a story of beautiful steady growth it is, full of sunlight and the indwelling presence of the Eternal Goodness, but tinged with sweet sorrow and hard work, and now and then with the touch of poverty. How it presents again the old problem: What is it that touches the heart of some boy in some factory or shop or farm, and suddenly kindles an almost fierce ambition, sows a divine discontent in his bosom, and impels him to go forth into the great world? Here was the boy in this Yorkshire town toddling off to the great factory at six in the morning to work till eight in the evening—with one hour at noon—thirteen hours a day. An overseer stood over these little boys with a strap which he laid upon their small shoulders vigorously when they showed any sign of fainting. It was in the days when the younger Pitt, desiring more money to wage war, had said, "We must yoke up the children to work in the factories." The boy fortunately found release for two years when the new factory act was passed in England barring all children under nine from the factories. The story tells of his being bound out as an apprentice to a smith at Ilkley, six miles from home, to serve from the age of fourteen to twenty-one. It was here that he met a working man, John Dobson, who was fond of books and out of his scant wages bought books on metaphysics, over which he pored all night. He introduced the boy Collyer to them, and an overpowering hunger for knowledge seized him. He tells us how he read

day and night—read while he was eating, while he was walking, even while he was courting.

It was while he was serving his apprenticeship as a blacksmith that the sudden desire to preach came over him. The story of one of the first sermons is so charming that I transcribe it here:

"It was in June. I see the place still, and am aware of the fragrance of the wild uplands stealing through the open lattice on bars of sunshine, to mingle with the pungent snap of the peat fire on the hearth which gives forth the essence of the moorlands for a thousand years. And I still mind how heavy my heart was that afternoon. I had been trying all the week to find a sermon in a parable; but there was no pulse to answer, no vision, and Bishop Horne says, 'If you distill dry bones, all you will have for your pains is water.'

"Still there I was, *the preacher,* and they were simple-hearted folk up there, of the old Methodist election unto grace, eager and hungry for the word of life, and ready to come in with the grand Amens.

"The big farm kitchen was full, and they were just the hearers to help a poor soul over the sand bars on the life of their full hearts. So they sang with a will; and where in all the world will you hear such singing with a will as in Yorkshire and Lancashire! Then I must pray. Father Taylor said, 'I cannot *make* a prayer,' nor can I. But, with those hearts filled from the springs of life, I felt that day the prayer was making me. Then the time came for the sermon. Some stammering words came to my lips, and then some more, while gleams of

light began to play about my parable. And their eyes began to shine, while now and then the grand Amens came in as a chorus from the chests of men who had talked to each other in the teeth of the winds up there from the times of the Saxons and the Danes. And now, after all these years, I feel sure it was given me that day what I should say.

"So the service ended, and the good man of the house came, laid his hands on me, and said very tenderly: 'My lad, the Lord has called thee to preach the Gospel. The Lord bless thee and make thee faithful in the truth.' And all the people said Amen, while I have always said that this was my true ordination."

Then follows the story of the immigration of the young blacksmith and his wife to America. He was then twenty-six and had done a good deal of preaching in England, his only preparation having been the books he had read, the sense of God in his heart, and a continual brooding over the deep things of the soul. Arriving in America he worked at his trade as a blacksmith until again the call came to preach. The "Memories" tell the whole story of those years of struggle and poverty, the assumption of preaching in the Methodist Church, the passage into the Unitarian Church, the wonderful Chicago ministry, the participation in the Civil War, the great fire, the rebuilding of the city and his share in the work of reconstruction.

My first sight of Dr. Collyer was at a meeting of the Liberal Ministers' Club, of New York City. This club consists of about forty ministers, whose com-

mon consent to allow every man to think freely and outspokenly on matters of faith had drawn them together into a common fellowship. They meet once a month, on the first Monday, to lunch together. At this luncheon some one reads a half hour paper, which is followed by an hour's free discussion. The best discussion I have ever heard has been at the luncheons of this group. I was elected to membership in the club soon after my coming to New York. Dr. Collyer was almost always present. I remember my impression so well, as I saw him for the first time—the massive, yet tender face, clean-shaven, and crowned by hair as white as snow, which fell about his shoulders in silver ringlets. He had a really beautiful face—and one as expressive of thought and feeling as was that of Edwin Booth. When I was introduced to him and told him that I had just come to New York to take the Pilgrim Church he immediately became greatly interested and began telling me about his coming to New York twenty-five years before. He said that he had come to a city of homes and Christians; that I had come to a city of apartments, one-half Christian and one-half Jewish. And yet he did not feel that mine was altogether the harder lot. It called for more faith, more hard work, and more solving of great problems. But he was not sure that that was unfortunate for a young man. It was through the struggle with somewhat baffling circumstance that strong men were made. He also said that he thought the problems of the modern city church were engendering a more forcible and direct style of preaching that was a gain

upon the preaching of the older days. He then began telling me about his early days in New York and what delightful Sundays he experienced in the Church of the Messiah. He had always loved preaching, and Sunday morning was for him the joy-day of the week. For quite a while he talked and then the company went up-stairs for luncheon. He always sat at the head of the table next to the president of the club, and his benign face was certainly a real benediction upon the occasion. It was at these luncheons that he opened his heart more freely than elsewhere. He was eighty-two years old when I first began attending them, but, although, as is sure to be the case in a composite group of men, the pessimistic note was often struck, he was always on the side of the prophets. He had seen the world go to the devil so many times that he was losing faith in its capacity for permanent or even spasmodic degeneration.

He did not deny that the forces of evil in the world were great, but he knew that the forces of good were greater. If this were not so, if God and good were not ultimately to triumph then we were not living in a world, but in a chaos, a delusion, and everybody might as well adjust himself to it, and all together have it all over. Either God was a victorious God or no God at all. (The idea of the finite, struggling, achieving God, dependent upon men for His success, as lately promulgated by Mr. Wells, had not come into the consciousness of men at this time, although one might say that such an idea lies enshrined in Bergson's writings.) On this point, that the uni-

verse had no meaning unless it issued in good, Dr. Collyer based his optimism—on this and a beautiful consciousness of the near Father, the Eternal Goodness enshrining him. Indeed this was one of the most striking things about him, his sense of the divine presence. It hovered about him as it did about his friend Edward Everett Hale. God was as real as any human companion and perhaps more real as old age came upon him. The beautiful light of these closing days was this presence of God. He did not speak at these noonday luncheons unless called upon, but when he did it was the event of the day.

I remember above all others one day when he told us the story of his first days in America. He was married in 1850, and together he and his wife set out for America. He began work in a forge seven miles out from Philadelphia. For nine years he worked at making claw hammers. The work was interrupted at times, and during the weeks when the forge was idle he made hay, worked on public roads and even carried a hod for a while. The great panic came and the forge closed. They faced extreme poverty in the home, but somehow they pulled through until the anvils rang again. At the end of nine years he laid down his hammer for good and all, and for the rest of his long life preached the Gospel that was forever clamouring for expression. Meantime, during his work at the forge, he had begun to preach. He told us all about those first sermons in America. He had joined the Methodist Church at Milestown, where they had given him a warm welcome. He had brought a good letter from the brethren in England,

and when the minister in charge of the circuit read it he admitted him to the band of local preachers. On one hot day in August he called upon him to take the service in a small schoolhouse, and then came Dr. Collyer's first sermon in America. He told the incident to us in almost the same beautiful language he has used in his "Memories" and I quote the words he uses there:

"And at my work I had mused over those words of the prophet until my heart burned—'Get thee up in thy chariot, for there is a sound of abundance of rain.' I forgot all about dialect, so did the small band about us. The farmer's kitchen on the moor-side and the small schoolhouse on the hill opened each into the other. My brothers in the ministry will know what I mean. It was given me that day what I should say. In my poor measure and degree it was as when in the old time they spake to every man in his own tongue. I was in the spirit on *that* Lord's Day. How I should love to feel that burning once more before I die! We speak of some event or experience as worth a year of our life. I think the worth of that afternoon has gone into all the years since then. After the benediction Brother Taft gave me a fine grip of the hand and said, 'Brother, you shall have all the work you want to do.' And the promise was kept. After some time a church was built on the hill, and then there were four in the circuit. I took my turn and turn about in them all through the nine years. Slowly but surely I caught the new tongue in some measure; for I have a pliant and sensitive ear and was much

pleased when, after I had mastered the speech, an old man said to me: 'I did not understand you for a long time when you came to preach for us, but I felt good. So I always came to hear you.' Still I am not sure that I am already perfect in this tongue; for within a month, on a Sunday morning after the sermon, a lady came forward and said, with tears in her voice, 'I am from Yorkshire, sir, and was so glad to hear the dear old burr here and there in your discourse.' "

The first time I ever heard him speak in public was at the Broadway Tabernacle Church. It was on the evening when they were celebrating the tenth anniversary of Dr. Jefferson's pastorate. Various men had spoken, including Dr. MacArthur and Dr. Thompson, of the Tabernacle, when they called upon Dr. Collyer. The old man was evidently greatly surprised upon being asked into the pulpit. He spoke very tenderly and especially called attention to the change that had come over religious practices since his active ministry. He said that he and Dr. Taylor, the famous pastor of the Tabernacle, had lived and laboured together for years in New York, had been on committees together, had been intimate, personal friends, yet never once had Dr. Taylor asked him into his pulpit. He even doubted if Dr. Taylor would have allowed him to enter into his pulpit under any conditions. But here he was, a Unitarian, in the pulpit of a Congregational Church—and hoping that he would not harm it. He said, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had a confession to make anyhow. He lived in the neigh-

bourhood of the church and as old age made it more and more difficult to go far from his house, he very frequently slipped into the Tabernacle and enjoyed its minister hugely. He said he thought that the tendency of orthodox ministers as they grew old was to become more and more conservative, while the tendency of Unitarian ministers as old age came upon them was to become more and more liberal. But he was an exception to the rule. He had grown more orthodox. Though he was afraid it was not in the direction some present would call orthodoxy. For his orthodoxy was that which Jesus Christ taught as true and sufficient for salvation. (What would he have said in these days when so many are claiming that Christ's words are impractical and never intended as a rule of life.) He said he was growing so orthodox that he was even believing in love as the law of life, love of one's enemies, the possibility of getting the kingdom of God in the earth, the truth that Jesus was right in His revelation of God as a Father rather than a Roman monarch or an eastern satrap. To this orthodoxy he was moving fast, and he could not help it if his orthodox friends disowned him on that basis. In any event he was with Jesus in his great fundamental stand. I recall once hearing him say in conversation that he believed in the divinity of Christ as absolutely as his orthodox brethren, but he believed that Christ was divine by nature, whereas they believed His divinity was a special endowment.

On one other memorable occasion I heard him speak. It was at the memorial services held in New

York at the time of the death of Julia Ward Howe, for many years one of his dearest and closest friends. He was a very old man at the time and seldom appeared in public, but he gladly came to say a few words at the service. He spoke very tenderly and beautifully, his remarks being mostly memories of her which he cherished among his treasures. He closed his words with the story of the last time he had seen her—not long before—on one of the last occasions when she had appeared in public. They had both participated in a service—an anniversary service, if I remember rightly—at the Church of the Disciples, in Boston, where the dear friends of both, James Freeman Clark and Charles Ames, had ministered. "They brought her in in a chair," he said, "and she was clothed all in white. She looked like an angel, and the only regret I have now is that I did not kiss her." There was not a dry eye in the house as the old man uttered those words.

Upon Dr. Collyer's death the little club of ministers to which I have referred devoted one of its Monday meetings to memories of the good, great man. Many of the men had known him very intimately, and it was an occasion long to be remembered. I do not think I will be violating a confidence if I tell one incident which was related by the present pastor of the church he served so notably in New York, John H. Holmes. A young woman in the parish suffered the loss of one who was very dear to her. The blow completely stunned her and no one seemed able to comfort her. She sat dumb and stonelike by the bier of her loved one, unable even to weep.

Finally, Mr. Holmes took Dr. Collyer with him to see her. He went into the room, and seeing her sitting there in her agony, spoke no formal words of comfort, but simply walked over to her, put his arm about her shoulders, and in that deep rich voice, full of sympathy in itself, said, "My poor, little lassie." The tears came in a flood and she was saved.

XII

SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS

ONE of the delightful things about the Conferences on International Arbitration, held at Lake Mohonk every spring for many years, was the meeting with the leaders of thought and activity from every part of the country and every department of life. Always there were present a hundred men out of the four hundred, who had national and even international reputations, who had written books and who were identified with the great movements of the day. At these conferences six or eight people were placed at the same table in the dining-room and one of the interesting anticipations was always that of being placed next to some interesting man. It was at one of the tables at Lake Mohonk that I first met Samuel June Barrows and his equally interesting wife. I had known of his work and I had also heard the story of his romantic life.

For few lives of the last three generations have had more romance in them than had his. As a boy of eight he had gone to work in the office of Colonel Hoe, of printing press fame. Colonel Hoe installed one of the first telegraph instruments, and at ten "Little Sammy," as he was called by everybody, was put in charge of it. While in the Hoe establishment he developed remarkable religious tendencies,

and as a mere boy he distributed tracts and preached to the men in the establishment and to the sailors on the docks. In time he joined the Baptist Church, the Church of his mother, and became one of its most devoted workers. While still a small boy he learned stenography and became stenographer in the office of Fowler and Wells, famous as phrenologists in those days. His health broke down and he went to the water-cure at Dansville and took the treatment under Dr. Jackson. He recovered his health, but discovered something that changed the whole course of his life, a *union Church,* people of all denominations worshipping together. It set him to thinking, with results which appeared in most striking form a few years later. He went back to his work, but he visited Dansville again and there met Isabel Chapin, to whom he was betrothed before he left. Henceforth through all his life they did everything together, manifesting a wonderful sympathy with each other in everything, her genius matching his at every point. He then became a reporter on *The Tribune* and *The World,* and his work attracted much attention. In 1867 he became private secretary to William H. Seward, a position of great educational value in the young man's life. It was while secretary to Mr. Seward that, in his office in the Congressional Library, he came upon the works of Theodore Parker, William Ellery Channing and Cyrus A. Bartol. They fired his soul and determined the trend of his religious thought. Their emphasis upon the spiritual life and the ethical qualities of the Gospel, rather than upon creed and dogma, fired a soul which had

already had its eyes opened at the union services at Dansville. Meantime his wife had gone to Vienna for a year's study of medicine in the famous university. (She and Mary Safford were the first women to attend lectures at the University of Vienna.) At this time he left the Baptist Communion and entered the Unitarian Church. When his wife returned from Vienna he entered the Cambridge Divinity School, where he spent three years, supported by the unceasing activity of his own and his wife's pen. The two summer vacations he spent as correspondent for the New York *Tribune* with General Custer on distant expeditions in the Black Hills. After leaving Cambridge he spent a year in Europe with his wife, studying in the German universities and observing European life and institutions. Returning home, he received several calls and accepted that from the historic First Church of Dorchester. Here he laboured for four years, greatly beloved of all, when he was called to be editor of *The Christian Register,* the organ of the Unitarian Church. For sixteen years he and his wife sat side by side at their editorial desk. Often he would leave his wife at the desk and start for some distant part of the country—to attend some congress, to visit Tuskegee or to investigate prison conditions. All these visits were written up for his paper and he rendered inestimable help to the nation by these investigations.

In 1892 they spent a year in Europe, much of the time in Greece. He was an ardent student of the Greek language and literature, and this year was

one of great joy. He attended the First Hague Conference and then went to The Sorbonne at Paris to attend courses and lectures on subjects in which he was deeply interested. While there a cablegram reached him from the Republican Committee of the Tenth District of Boston asking him if he would accept the nomination for United States Congress. During his term in office he rendered very valuable service along the lines of better treatment of the Indians and prison reform. He became intimate with President McKinley and supported the President in his desire to avert the war with Spain.

Mr. Barrows had meantime become increasingly interested in prison reform. In 1895 President Cleveland appointed him to represent the United States on the International Prison Commission, and in 1899 he became secretary of the Prison Association of New York, which office he held for ten years. He visited all the prisons of Europe and the United States and urged reform of prison conditions unceasingly by voice and pen.

Always greatly interested in the cause of international peace, he was the first to be appointed from the Congress of the United States to represent this country in the Interparliamentary Union, whose meetings he attended in Paris, Brussels and Christiania. Meantime he had for years been writing weekly articles in the various periodicals of the nation, making innumerable public speeches, writing music and poetry of high order, playing the flute, singing in the New York Oratorio Society as his most beloved avocation, and befriending numerous boys

who had come under his care upon their first arrest and while they were serving on probation, under the probation system he had urged so long.

It was beside this remarkable man that I found myself seated at Lake Mohonk. I knew all these things, but I had never met the man. The first thing I felt was his personal charm. Everybody loved him at first meeting. One could not help it, he was so affable and so winning in his ways. He was the life of our table. He was a most interesting talker and as his soul was seething with enthusiasm for humanity he talked incessantly. How distinctly that first hour comes back through the mist of years. Our table was in the west end of the dining-room, by the great plate glass windows, where one gets that wonderful view of the Catskill Mountains. There was a splendid sunset and he began telling us of other evenings in Switzerland, Germany and Greece—the sunset glories he had seen. His heart expanded to the beauty of the world as an unspoiled child's heart responds to the light of day. Then the conversation passed to the question that had brought us together at Lake Mohonk, that of substituting judicial processes for war in the settlement of international disputes. Some one doubted whether all this talk of the humanizing of warfare, discussed at such length at the Hague Conference, was calculated to do good. "Was it not better to make war as horrible as possible, to let all the basest human instincts have full play, that men might sicken of it all the sooner, and, shocked by terrible reversion to barbarism, banish it?"

This remark called forth most passionate protest from him: No, barbarism never cured barbarism. Every step forward in humane practices was a step towards the abolishment of war. As men got rid of one atrocity after another in warfare, they would by and by see the atrocity of war itself. Indeed he thought that the barbarism of war was apparent enough to all except certain peoples in whom the primitive instincts of might and conquest still lingered, seeming to them virtues. The trouble was that men as yet saw no other way than war whereby to defend the most sacred instincts of human rights. We, there at Mohonk, saw the new and better way. A handful of people in France and England saw it, but the world at large did not. The way to rid the world of war was not by disgust of war but by convincing the world that Christianity was as workable among nations as it had proved itself to be among men and among the states composing our own nation. Say what one would of the accomplishments of the Hague Conference, it was one of the great events in history, because it proved that at last some nations were beginning to feel that there might be a better way. Furthermore, the horrors of war somehow did not work as a deterrent of war. He felt that the case was similar to that of the theory on which prisons were based, that if you made the punishment of crime terrible it prevented crime. As a matter of fact it never had and never would. Only one thing would stop crime, the education of children in mind, soul and hand, combined with an elevated, clean environment in the place where they grew up. The

question of stopping war was one of psychology. People *think war* immediately when disputes arise or rights are violated because there is nothing else to think. Let us get our court at the Hague and then let England, France and America agree to settle their disputes before it, or by arbitration, and after a few cases have thus been peacefully adjudicated, when some sudden clash of opposing interests arises between nations they will instinctively think in terms of law instead of war. This has been the method of evolution among individuals. It will be the method among states.

I had many interesting talks with Mr. Barrows at Lake Mohonk, as we met there year after year. We were both regular attendants at both the spring and fall conferences. Always the friends of the oppressed everywhere, he and Mrs. Barrows were greatly interested in the friends of freedom in Russia. They were intimate friends of Tchaikowsky and Madam Breshkovsky, both of whom had spent much of their lives in jails and prison camps in Siberia. Mr. Barrows talked much of Russia and especially of the Russia of the future, in which he had great faith. Shortly before his death news came that these two Russian friends, both in old age, had again been thrown into prison. His heart burned with indignation as he spoke of it. He rushed to Washington, and, with other friends of Russian freedom, had an interview with the Russian ambassador. Finally the ambassador became interested in Mr. Barrows' earnest pleading and soon arranged with his government to release Tchaikowsky

on bail of fifty thousand roubles. Part of this money Mr. Barrows raised in America, the rest came from England. But Madam Breshkovsky, "Babushka" (the little grandmother), as they always called her, languished in the great fortress-prison, sick and seemingly dying. Nothing would do but that Mrs. Barrows must go to her. While she was in St. Petersburg on this errand of mercy, Mr. Barrows passed away in New York, just as he was preparing to sail and join her. The letter from Madam Breshkovsky which came to Mrs. Barrows after his death is so beautiful a picture of his real character that I would like to reprint it here. (It occurs on page 241 of the most charming biography of Mr. Barrows by his wife, "A Sunny Life.")

"When I first saw Mr. Barrows I was struck at once by his tall, handsome figure, straight and graceful in spite of his age, and by his serious face stamped with great benevolence, a benevolence inseparable from his exquisite nature. He seemed to me superior to other people, not that he thought himself so, either morally or intellectually, but because he understood human nature so well that he was full of pity and pardon for its imperfections. He knew that it was worth saving and loving. He made an extraordinary impression on me as one who would bring peace and love into the hearts of those who knew him well. In spite of all the sin and sorrow with which he was in daily contact in his prison visitations, he was always serene, and his face was a continual benediction.

"Oh! that he might know how those who knew

and loved him bless his memory! My eyes overflow as I write these words, but they do not express a hundredth part of what I feel for the noble man whose beautiful face is ever before me. I am happy and proud to have known even a little of the blessed soul of Samuel June Barrows."

I heard Mr. Barrows make many addresses after that first meeting at Lake Mohonk, and he was one of the most effective speakers to whom I have listened. He had humour and pathos in his soul, both in rich measure. His presence was attractive. There were personality, charm and magnetism about him. He spoke with great freedom, and as intimately as in conversation. I recall two occasions especially where his rare charm made itself felt. One December evening he and I were the speakers together before The Round Table at Columbia University. The worst blizzard of the year struck the city that noon and by evening was raging at its fiercest. We both kept our appointments, however, and with much difficulty reached the hall. Hardly any one else did. He insisted that because the dozen who had come had made such exertion, we must both speak better than we ever had before, for their sakes (all this in their hearing, remember); that he had his speech memorized and therefore there was no doubt but he could do well, but that the case was different with me, who had come prepared to draw inspiration from a great assembly; that now I had the chance to show whether I was really possessed of my subject or simply spoke for the joy of talking, for one who was really held by

his ideas could speak to one as well as to many, and thus he went on, his eyes twinkling and the little group hugely enjoying the joke at my expense. He was perfectly charming that night and that little group will never forget him. He spoke on "The Ethics of Modern Warfare." I followed him on a related subject. But I took occasion to tell the audience the story of Professor Caird's preaching at St. Andrew's University, Scotland, and Principal Tulloch's comment on the sermon. The audience caught the point and laughed heartily. It was this way—Mr. Barrows was fairly "soaked" with Greek thought. In public speaking he would quote four times from the Greeks to once from the New Testament. This night he quoted Plato, Aristotle, Homer and other Greeks repeatedly. When I arose to speak I said quietly: "Once when Professor Caird preached in the parish Church of St. Andrew's, Scotland, he quoted again and again from the ancient Greeks to sustain the ethical point he was pressing home. After the sermon Principal Tulloch took his hand and with a twinkle in his eye remarked, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a heathen.' "

Another occasion which will always be remembered by those who were present was when he spoke in Pilgrim Church, New York, on prison reform. He was one of the pioneers in prison reform and those who knew him will recall how hard he fought for years to bring to pass some of the things that Mr. Osborne has so valiantly championed and so successfully installed in our prisons. He once told me about his experiences in Albany. Year after year

he fought the whole graft system and the whole mediæval prison system there. The men he had to fight, the politicians and contractors, were the only men who shook his high faith in the inherent nobility of human nature. He knew all the prisoners in the state and they did not discourage him—the men who had connection with the prisons did. He once said to me that these men were the ones who ought to be in jail. He lived to see many steps forward taken. He would have rejoiced in Mr. Osborne's reforms at Sing Sing. He devoted the last years of his life to getting the probation system introduced. He loved boys and girls and it broke his heart to see them sent off to prisons. And he knew how little to blame they generally were, and furthermore how sure they were to come back more soiled in soul, readier to become confirmed criminals. He once said to me, in a burst of enthusiasm: "I believe I could save every one of those boys could I but take them under my own roof." I believe he could, for children loved him greatly. In this address he told the whole story of the probation system. The average boy who was arrested for his first offense was not vicious and did not have criminal tendencies. He was generally led astray by some gang of older boys, or did things purely out of mischief. He grew up on the streets and had no ethical standard except one: Keep out of the policeman's hands. This boy commits some misdemeanour. Frightened to death he is carried before the court. Nothing would be more foolish, nothing more un-Christlike than to put this boy in a prison or reformatory where he gen-

erally met boys who had been convicted several times, and learned of crime. He also had a stigma upon him which unconsciously urged him to more crime. Brand a boy a criminal and he will act the part. Such boys should be put on probation. Especially should they have the oversight of some friend. The "big-brother" was the Christian way of dealing with crime. As the speaker went on pleading for these boys and girls a spirit began to manifest itself in the Church, such as one feels occasionally at some exalted ceremony or at a revival meeting when the presence of God seems as real as the people who are there. One could see why Mr. Barrows exercised such influence on behalf of prison reform.

He was very fond of music. He stole away for an hour every day with flute or organ, both of which he played. He wrote not only some unusually fine verses, but he set them to music. He joined the Oratorio Society of New York for the joy of rehearsing great music once a week. When he died and a Memorial Service was held for him in New York City, the Oratorio Society, under Mr. Damrosch's direction, came and sang some of the music he loved—Brahm's Requiem, and Mendelssohn's "O blest and happy they," and some of his own hymns and music. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, and other friends spoke, but the most impressive event of the evening was when dear old Dr. Collyer arose and said a closing word: "When he talked it was always about some beautiful thing he wanted to do, some great, good thing."

XIII

JOHN HUNTER

I HAVE had many beautiful Sundays in my life but perhaps one stands out above all others. It was in the summer of 1908 and I was spending the month of August at Glion, a thousand feet up the mountain side, and directly above Montreux, which lies on the shore of Lake Geneva. The whole region is exquisitely beautiful and full of historic association. Those of my readers who know Matthew Arnold's poetry will remember Glion. From the terrace of the hotel one looks across the beautiful lake to the snow-capped mountains on the other side, while towering above one on the left is the long line of grey cliffs known as the *Rochers de Naye,* now reached by a railroad. (The sunrises as seen from here are famous.) A thousand feet below one sees the picturesque line of white houses of Vevey and Montreux, with their red roofs, following the shore of the lake and ending with the Castle of Chillon, which is built on an island rock about fifty feet from the shore, so that its famous dungeons are really, as Byron pictures them, under the sea.

I had come to Montreux mostly to rest, but I had chosen it in preference to Lucerne, partly because, while in London, my friend Rev. J. Warschauer had

told me about a wonderful school of theology that was going to be held there for a week in August. It was the time when the "New Theology" movement of Mr. Campbell was at its height and when he and the other leaders of the movement, Hunter, Warschauer, Wallace, and Rhondda Williams, had hundreds of disciples all over England. Montreux is easily reached from England and has always been a favourite resort for English people. Some one conceived the idea of holding a week's summer school of theology there, thus happily combining vacation and instruction. As a result it was advertised, and I arranged my dates to be in Montreux when it came. Meantime others of the leaders had invited me to participate in it.

About one hundred came to Montreux and I had dinner with them on the night of their arrival. I sat at the teachers' table, John Hunter on my right, Reginald J. Campbell on my left, and the other friends near by. (One interesting thing about this dinner should be noted—there was a special table for vegetarians, where twenty or more of the party sat. They were not faring sumptuously. The classic *table d'hôte* dinner on the Continent does not lean towards vegetables and the average Continental hotel proprietor always loses his head when asked to provide a meal out of the accepted, traditional order. When a vegetarian appears, the landlord always runs into his office and leaves him to the mercies of the bewildered head waiter who falls back on milk and string beans.) The sessions of the school opened that evening with a lecture by Warschauer on the

present status of New Testament study—and no one knew more about it than he. The following days were devoted to two lectures in the hotel parlours in the morning, and a lecture and discussion in the evening. But on Saturday it was announced that the officers of the city had offered the school the use of the church for the following Sunday and that Reginald J. Campbell would preach in the morning and Dr. John Hunter in the afternoon at four o'clock.

When I picked up the paper recently and read of the death in London of John Hunter, immediately the picture of that beautiful Sunday flashed into my mind. The *Eglise Nationale* is a pretty stone structure perched above the city on the foot-path that leads up to Glion, and near the road to *Les Avants.* On that glorious Sunday morning I came down from Glion and there at the door of the church stood Campbell and Hunter. It was some time before the service and we walked over to the wall which runs along the south side of the church, making a sort of terrace, and stood silent for a while, entranced by the indescribable beauty, when Dr. Hunter quietly remarked: "It is almost impossible to believe that there can be any pain or suffering in the world when one looks at this scene of light and beauty." We went into the church and when Mr. Campbell went up into the pulpit he announced as his text: "Neither shall there be any more pain." Dr. Hunter and I looked at each other and smiled. It was wonderful preaching to which we listened. Mr. Campbell is a very great preacher, but he

was inspired that morning. Perhaps the surroundings added to the spell, for, from where Dr. Hunter and I sat, we could look out over what many people consider, I suppose, the most beautiful view in the world. I remember that after a while the striking personality of the preacher, the beautiful words he was saying, the almost ineffable beauty of lake and snow-capped mountains, seemed blended and it was as though one had been transported out of the world of things into some realm of the spirit where only beauty held sway. A very solemn hush was on the congregation when the services closed. But as Dr. Hunter and I came out of the church together he turned to me and remarked—remember this was the time when the theological storm was raging about Mr. Campbell—"How far off the New Theology controversy seems this morning. There is no New or Old Theology when the preacher gives you a glimpse of heaven."

We assembled at the church again at four o'clock in the afternoon. The softer light of evening was now brooding upon the landscape, the sun was already behind the Savoy Alps, and its rays were obliquely striking the snow on the *Dent du Midi*, turning the white into a rose colour, which deepened as the service went on. At this service I sat with Mr. Campbell while Dr. Hunter went into the pulpit. Except that I made a rule at the beginning of these reminiscences not to say much about living preachers I should like to draw a comparison between Mr. Campbell and Dr. Hunter as preachers. I will only remark that Dr. Hunter was a mystic as Mr. Camp-

bell is, and that a shimmer of other worlds played over all his sermons as it does over Mr. Campbell's. In the pulpit perhaps one's first thought of Mr. Campbell was of a saint, while one's first thought of Dr. Hunter was of the prophet. Yet Mr. Campbell is a prophet and Dr. Hunter was a saint. I had heard Dr. Hunter lecture in the course of the Summer School but this was the first time I had heard him preach. I could not help felicitating myself that I was hearing him under such circumstances. His text that afternoon was "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." For fifty minutes we sat enthralled by the depth of thought, the spiritual insight, and the passion of delivery. Few men had deeper, clearer insight into the spiritual nature of men than did Dr. Hunter. He had that wonderful gift of analysis that belonged to Newman and Munger. The intellect was delighted when he preached, at the same time that the soul was stirred. He had also some of that power which he had attributed to Mr. Campbell in the morning, of giving his hearers a peep into heaven. Indeed this is a large part of the preacher's task, to give us glimpses of that heavenly life which Christ wanted to make real on the earth. It was noticeable in Mr. Campbell's sermon of the morning that the time when there should be no more pain was to come in this world.

I was staying at the Park Hotel, Glion, a thousand feet above Montreux. A little shoulder of the mountain projects here, and on it the village of twenty

houses and three or four hotels is built. It is reached by a funicular from Montreux, and the ratchet road up to Caux and the Rochers de Naye starts from Glion. At the close of the last session of the school, I brought Hunter, Campbell, Rhondda Williams, Warschauer and Hugh Wallace of the Anerly Church, London, and joint author with Warschauer of the famous ''Credo,'' up the mountain to lunch with me at Glion. It was a wonderful day. The Summer School had been a great success, and the last lecture had just been given. All were in holiday mood and we had a glorious time. It was with some feeling of pride, I must confess, that I told the proprietor of the hotel that I was bringing up to lunch five of the most famous British preachers. He met us at the door with profuse bows and conducted us to our table. There were about fifteen English people staying at the hotel and they recognized Mr. Campbell at once, for his picture had been continually in the papers for months, owing to the ''New Theology'' storm. Then there was great curiosity to know who the others were, which curiosity the proprietor satisfied as best he could. After luncheon we went out and sat for three hours in the little summer house which every sojourner at Glion knows, and which seems to hang right out over Montreux and the green lake below—for Lake Geneva is green, not blue. The talk turned upon the New Theology controversy and there was much joking. I must not repeat it for all but one of the group are living. But I wrote down much of it that evening, and it will make interesting reading some day. One

could see a certain reverence in all the group for Dr. Hunter—and yet he entered into the fun as heartily as any one when the fate of Mr. Campbell was pictured if two well-known leaders of the Free Churches could have their way with him. It was a great day. Those of the party who had copies of their books autographed them for me when we returned to Montreux and before me as I write lie Mr. Campbell's "The New Theology," Warschauer's "The New Evangel: Studies in the New Theology," T. Rhondda Williams' "The Evangel of the New Theology," and Wallace's "Credo: Studies in the Apostles' Creed," with authors' inscriptions in them. These are the four books which, appearing simultaneously, interpreted the "New Theology" movement to the world, and which were reviewed in every tongue and nation. On the way down the hill we stopped for a moment at the grave of Vinet. Then we separated. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Williams and Mr. Wallace went back to England, Dr. Warschauer stayed on at Montreux to swim around Lake Geneva (he is one of the most famous swimmers in England), and Dr. Hunter went for a brief sojourn at beautiful *Les Avants* across the ravine from Glion.

Two or three days after the Summer School of Theology had closed at Montreux, I received an invitation from Dr. Hunter, who was staying at *Les Avants,* to come over and have luncheon with him. I walked over from Glion, following the road along the side of the spur of the mountain on which Glion stands up to the head of the ravine which separates it from the other spur on which the hotels of *Les*

Avants are built, and crossed by a stone bridge over to the house where Dr. Hunter was staying. We lunched together and then my friend proposed that we walk down the ravine to Montreux. It is a beautiful walk, following the rushing stream, the path often overshadowed by great rocks and overhanging trees, while now and then one caught exquisite glimpses of the Lake of Geneva far below.

About half-way down we sat on a big rock for a half hour's rest and I asked Dr. Hunter to tell me how he, reared among Scotchmen of the most orthodox type, came to be one of the exponents of the liberal and most advanced movement in theology.

"It was largely due to Frederick Dennison Maurice," he said. The story was as follows: He was born in Aberdeen. He was a shy and retiring boy, given to books rather than sports or games. He saw little of other boys early in his youth and developed a consuming interest in religion. He read every book on religion on which he could lay his hands. When hardly more than a boy he began preaching. He was denied a university training, but studied in night schools. At the age of seventeen he entered the Nottingham Theological Institute. Afterwards he went to the Spring Hill College, Birmingham. It was there he came under the spell of Maurice. He devoured every word of the great teacher and became his ardent disciple. When only twenty-two he was called to the famous Salem Chapel, York. There, in that large church, he found himself. For eleven years he preached to a congregation averaging fifteen hundred people.

The congregation had not been accustomed to his type of preaching and he lost some from the church, but others were attracted. During these years he studied night and day. Not only did he prepare three sermons a week with great care—all written, he said, if I remember rightly—but he read the great books, both ancient and modern.

He left York to take the Congregational Church at Hull. But he was not allowed to remain there long. William Pulsford, the famous pastor of Trinity Church, Glasgow, died, and the church called Hunter to its ministry. For fifteen years he preached to congregations that filled the building. There were many students in his audience and his ministry to them had much to do with the shaping of his thought. "One has to make religion a very real thing if he is to hold students from week to week," he said. "One has to relate religion to life and cast his message in the thought-channels of the times."

After fifteen years at Glasgow, he was enticed away to London, to the King's Weigh House Church. The years of his pastorate there were not so happy as the Glasgow years had been. He had to create a congregation, whereas at Glasgow the congregation was there to meet him. He drew many thoughtful people to Weigh House, but they came as listeners and the church itself was a problem and he was preeminently a preacher, not an administrator. So, when the Glasgow congregation begged him to return, he went back with real delight. For another nine years he preached from the pulpit of Trinity Church, and they were years of great joy.

In 1913 his heart became affected and he was obliged to resign and seek rest. He never again felt able to undertake the care of a great parish. Henceforth, his preaching was to be as minister at large. He visited many churches, and series of special "preaching services" were arranged for him in London, to which many came. His interest, he said, had always been in religion as an experience rather than as a creed. He thought that what the world wanted and needed was a vision of Christ and His outlook upon life. He felt that the creeds and confessions had often concealed the real Christ—the Christ who was the revelation of the heart and will of God, and the teacher of the way, the truth and the abundant life. He preached Christ as the answer to the soul's questionings. He was always interested, he told me, in noting how the souls troubled with doubts responded to the teachings of Jesus and the Christ of the Gospels. He told me of the remarkable response a certain sermon preached in a hall in London two years before, on "The God of Jesus," elicited from men who had been greatly perplexed over the Christian doctrines. (In this sermon Dr. Hunter summed up Jesus' teaching of God and His revelation of God in His own life and death; in three famous phrases "God is Spirit," "God is Light" and "God is Love." These three phrases might very truthfully be used as the heart of Dr. Hunter's own message.) He went on to say that if he had been successful as a preacher it had been because he had in every sermon tried to convey a sense of the presence of God. He criticized

both much of the preaching of the day and much of the worship in the churches as lacking in awe, reverence, mystery, the sense of God, the presence of divine and holy things. It was this lack of awe and adoration, of reverence and the consciousness of God that led him to prepare the book, "Devotional Services for Public Worship," which has been widely used in Great Britain. He also felt that the Church had neglected the great ethical note in the teaching of Jesus. Thoroughly evangelical in spirit, he had no patience with a religion that did not issue in conduct, and he felt that the Christian rule of conduct must be made the basis of the State and the nation as much as of the individual.

For three hours we talked. It was going on towards evening when we reached Montreux. Together we went and bought some coloured pictures of the beautifully situated church where he had preached the Sunday before. The picture is one taken at an angle that shows the wonderful view of lake and snow-capped mountain beyond. We said good-bye and parted, he to take the electric train back to *Les Avants,* I to ascend by funicular to *Glion.* It was the last time I ever saw him. He had been an invalid for some time before he died, and the death of his greatly loved son in the war hastened the end.

XIV

AMORY H. BRADFORD

THE other day I happened to pick up a book which I had read ten years ago with all the delight that one experiences in coming upon a new domain. It bears the significant title "The Inward Light" and is the one book into which Dr. Amory H. Bradford poured all his soul. It is also the expression of his fundamental religious convictions—or shall I say conviction, for there was only one fundamental article in his creed, namely, the direct apprehension of God in the believer's soul. All else was but explanatory of, or contributory to, this one experience. Religion was to him the experience of God rather than definition. Christ, holy men of all ages, the Bible, holy books of all times, were valuable as interpreters of the God he knew in his own soul rather than as revelations of God. He was a mystic through and through. He walked with God, he saw God in all divine and beautiful things, and God was the inward light, the indwelling conscience. His attitudes, his thoughts, his actions, were all guided by this inward light. Did some perplexity of conduct present itself to him, he consulted neither men nor books, but the indwelling light. This inward light could be the possession of all pure

men. It was the Light that lighteth all men coming into the world.

This inward light was evident in his face, in his voice, in his acts and in his words. He had a face of peculiar light and sweetness, and the eyes were at times tender, at times, when he was deeply stirred over some iniquity, burning flames of fire. His voice was one of those the hearer never forgets, vibrant with personality, wonderfully laden with passion, now tremulous with pleading, now ringing with great conviction. His thought was saturated with emotion. He had a fine intellect; but all his thought was distilled through the alembic of his heart and came forth glowing with fervour, and revealing the light and experience of the soul. His life was an incarnation, for it was the daily expression of a heart possessed of God. It was full of sweetness and tenderness. He could not pass a dog or a child without stopping to pat its head. All the babies in Montclair stretched out their arms towards him if they saw him coming. He could not help sharing all the troubles, sorrows and defeats of his people as he shared all their successes and their joys. Indeed, some thought he was too tender. They thought it impaired his critical faculties and his judgments of men. Once a man, seeking a new pastor for the church to which he belonged, said: "It is of no use to ask Dr. Bradford about the candidates we are discussing. His heart is so big that he could never bring himself to consider the weaknesses and failings of any man." He simply could not bear to hurt any one's feelings. All men were perfect in his eyes,

and he saw the world through a rosy mist of pitying love.

He served but one church during his life, and his ministry became international. He went to Montclair, N. J., straight from the schools, and stayed with the First Congregational Church for fifty years. He and the church grew together. At the end of fifty years it was one of the strongest churches in the denomination, and he was one of the leaders of the Christian Church. He rapidly came into prominence as a preacher, and as book after book appeared he became widely known as a leader in the liberal school of thought. For several years he served as one of the editors of *The Outlook.* He was made president of the American Missionary Society and afterwards Moderator of the National Council. It was he who inaugurated the custom of the moderator's visiting the churches. Upon his election he got a leave of absence from his own church and made a tour of all the principal Congregational churches of the nation. It is interesting to remember, now that it has become an established custom, that Dr. Bradford was the target of considerable criticism at the time. He was accused of setting himself up as "archbishop," and even "pope." If I remember rightly, one or two churches refused to open their pulpits to him on the ground that he had no more claim on them than had any other minister. He was so democratic that I have no doubt that, if he replied to any such charge, he said, "I agree with you absolutely." But, to any one who knew Dr. Bradford, the charge of usurping authority brings a smile.

He was so sweetly human, so democratic, so modest. He refused to the last to wear a gown in the pulpit, on the ground that it might tend to set him apart from his people. His choir was gowned, but not he. He believed in the priesthood of all believers, although it is doubtful if the idea of priesthood made much appeal to him. He was so *directly* conscious of God Himself, that he thought others must have that same consciousness. And if one had the Eternal Goodness, the Father of Love, the Inward Light, in one's own soul, what need was there of priests? Indeed, when I once said to Dr. Bradford, after reading "The Inward Light," "You are a Quaker," he simply smiled and said "Perhaps I am." It is difficult to draw the line between "The Inward Light" and John Fox's "Journal."

Dr. Bradford became very popular in England and was in great demand there as a preacher. After a while it became his custom to spend his summers in preaching in the English churches. Large congregations always welcomed him at Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Bradford, Norwich, and in the leading London pulpits. He was approached again and again by English churches when their pulpits became vacant. There was a fervour in his delivery, a passionate note in his speech, that appealed to the English congregations, accustomed as they are to more fervent and passionate speech in the pulpit than are we. Often when English Congregationalists were passing through New York, they made the half-hour's journey to Montclair on a Sunday morning to hear Dr. Bradford. After Mr. Beecher's death

he was for some time the American preacher best known in England.

Just before he came to his fiftieth anniversary a fatal and lingering disease came upon him. With able assistants, he carried on his work for some months, preaching at the morning service. When he became too feeble to preach any more, he still remained as pastor, and visiting preachers came to fill the pulpit. But he always took part in the services and for some time followed the custom of reading a two-minute message to his people. This became almost as holy a word to them as the lesson from the Scriptures. In fact, it was a scripture from his own soul. (A collection of these messages was made and was published under the title "Preludes and Interludes." They are full of real truth and revelation of divine things.) Two or three times I was the preacher at these services and I was deeply touched by the great preacher, who, with trembling body and feeble voice, spoke, like St. John of old, his beautiful last words to his people. I happened to be in the pulpit the Sunday he read the most notable one of all, one which went all over the country, the one called "The Categorical Imperative." The general point was "What kind of a world would this be if all men lived as we live?" Let me quote here some lines from this remarkable epistle to his church:

"Suppose all the citizens of this community were to take the same amount of interest in its affairs, and give to them the same amount of time and effort that we do, and no more, what kind of a community would this be?

"Suppose that all men were to do as much to help the deserving poor to get work as we do, and no more, how many of them would have work?

"Suppose that all our people should give as much of their property, in proportion to their ability, to missions and to moral reform, as we give, what would be the condition of the world?

"Suppose that all who attend church, who are able to be prompt, should be as prompt in attendance as we are, and no more, what time would our church services begin?

"Suppose that all who buy and sell property should be as anxious that those with whom they deal should get their full rights as we are in our dealings, would there be more or less harmony in society?

"Suppose that all the whites in the country should treat the coloured people as you and I do, would this be a better and a happier nation?

"Suppose that all who profess and call themselves Christians should keep as near to the example of Jesus Christ as we do, would it be easier or more difficult for others to be Christians?

"Suppose that all men tried to live by the Golden Rule as earnestly as we do, and no more, could brotherly love be promoted?

"Suppose that all other Christians were as anxious that sinners should be saved as we are, and no more so, how many would be reached by the Gospel?"

My first recollections of Dr. Bradford are associated with the various meetings of the Missionary Societies of the Congregational Churches, and of the National Council. He was always prominent in the

affairs of the denomination, for he was a great believer in Congregationalism. Descended directly from Bradford of Plymouth fame, he loved democracy in State and Church. But at these meetings he was a great spiritual force and his addresses always struck a deeply religious note. Sometimes they were very radical. He always spoke as he felt and believed. Had he been a man of lesser spiritual force and had he not been of so sweet a nature and so greatly beloved he would have been continually in trouble. Occasionally he did bring down the wrath of the officers and trustees of the missionary organizations upon himself. The Commissioners of the American Board feared that many of the conservative churches would withhold their contributions when, occasionally, he would launch into some burning diatribe against those who would measure the mercy of God by a pet theological shibboleth or a doctrine based upon one text of Scripture, and that text capable of more than one meaning. To Dr. Bradford's mind the presumption of knowledge as to what God would do with His children in the next world amounted almost to blasphemy, and those people also who pretended to exact knowledge of all of God's purposes and intentions irritated him beyond measure. To him the "measure of God's mercies was broader than the measure of man's mind."

He was also extremely liberal in matters of practical religion. He was always greatly interested in the negro. He believed in democracy, consequently he believed that the negro should be treated according to the measure and principles of democracy,

which meant that the negro problem was not a race problem, but one of individuals. In a democracy there are no castes, races, distinguishing lines based on anything but character. Japanese and Chinese were not to be treated as of different races, negroes were not to be dealt with on the ground of colour, Jews were not to be set apart by their religion—character, ability, loyalty were the only tests permissible in a democracy. On this he insisted regardless of consequences. He felt that the United States had, as President Wilson feels to-day, no right to preach democracy to China and Japan when we did not practice it at home. I remember so well the tumult he made by his straightforward remarks on this subject at the meeting of the American Missionary Association in Worcester, Mass., several years ago. His presidential address dealt largely with this problem of backward races inside a democracy. He was insisting with all the eloquence at his command that the coloured man be treated according to his character and attainments rather than as a member of a race. He thought the social question was largely a bugaboo and would take care of itself, and then he said, "If occasionally a coloured man married a white woman—well, the heavens would not fall." It was this incidental statement that created the storm. It was flashed over the wires of the country. Immediately after the meeting one of the officers of the American Missionary Association came up to me, and, with fire in his eyes, said: "That was a most regrettable address. It will cost our treasury a hundred thousand dollars." I

quietly replied that I did not think the knowledge of that fact would have deterred Dr. Bradford from making the remark. About ten minutes afterwards I repeated this remark to Dr. Bradford. He smiled and said: "Truth is worth more than dollars."

During the last ten years of Dr. Bradford's life I saw him often, and heard him make many addresses and deliver many sermons. When I was pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox, Mass., I persuaded him to come up and address the Berkshire Congregational Club at Pittsfield. The club looked forward with eagerness to his coming and it would have been a great evening except for the fact that the club did what clubs and other church organizations have a habit of doing, permitted two or three representatives of various causes five minutes each to present their claims. Dr. Bradford had to catch a certain train back to New York; the result was that when it came time for him to speak he had only about twenty minutes left. He was quite disturbed over the whole thing and hardly knew what to do as he had his address in manuscript. He spoke for twenty minutes and disappeared. But we had had him in our house during the afternoon before the dinner and had enjoyed a most delightful conversation. We talked of many things but mostly of preaching. He had known intimately all the great English preachers of his day as well as the American. He did not have the feeling of some of his contemporaries that all the great preachers had passed away with the preceding generation. He did, however, call attention to this interesting fact that per-

haps the preachers of to-day did not measure up to the giants of yesterday in intellectual force. He thought this was largely due to the change of emphasis in preaching. Such a man as Dale, for instance, preached to a generation interested in theology and doctrine. The character of all his preaching tended to produce great power of philosophic thought, it was of a sort to exercise the intellectual faculties. Our age is interested in the social question and the application of Christianity to the affairs of life. The modern preacher has to deal with these problems. He is a reformer rather than a philosopher, a statesman rather than a theologian. But he is more prophetic perhaps than his predecessor. He is catching glimpses of a new world order of which the great men of the last generation had not dreamed. His preaching has a nearness to the actual life of man, an application of religion to all the social organization, a directness that was missing from much of the older preaching. Many of the sermons of the great preachers to whom our fathers listened would sound remote to our ears. Some of the sermons of to-day are really very fine in their realization of just the truth men need for living their real lives. The true object of preaching is to relate eternity to time—eternal principles for guidance in the midst of time.

We had considerable talk about theological seminaries and the training of ministers. He did not quite sympathize with the terrific diatribe against the divinity schools uttered by President Hyde of Bowdoin at the Boston meeting of the National

Council. But he did think that there was too little effort made to stimulate the students to think, and too little emphasis placed on the necessity that the preacher steep himself in the great thought of the world. There was a tendency in the seminaries to neglect personality and to teach preaching rather than to make big men. The homiletical end of preaching, the delivery of the message, would largely take care of itself if the preacher was a big man, had big thoughts to utter, and above all had a deep and real experience of God. That, after all, was the chief secret of good preaching, to know God. If a soul was filled with God it would reveal God forcibly, both in words and in life. He had heard much preaching in both England and America and he thought that, on the whole, it was of a very high order, and above all it was helpful. The afternoon was devoted to such talk as this and it was noteworthy.

One of my outstanding memories of Dr. Bradford is connected with the meeting of the International Council of the Congregational Churches in Edinburgh. Dr. Bradford was the preacher on that memorable occasion and the service was held in St. Giles' Cathedral of a Sunday afternoon, through the courtesy of the National Church of Scotland. The incident is also memorable to me because of another incident. I was staying at MacGregor's Hotel, the famous hostelry opposite the great monument to Walter Scott. On Sunday afternoon I went to luncheon and sitting by himself at one of the tables was Dr. Woodrow Wilson, then President of Princeton University. He invited me

to sit down with him. He was travelling by bicycle to the Lake Region, to Fox How, if I remember rightly, where he was spending the summer. He was going to St. Giles at three o'clock, as I was, to hear Dr. Bradford, and we attended the service together. The thought of his becoming President of the United States some day never entered my head and I wonder if it had ever found lodgment in his mind. I doubt if it had. Together we listened to a great sermon, and it is interesting to remember that it dealt with those Christian principles of internationalism, of which President Wilson is the chief champion to-day. The great cathedral was crowded. Not only were hundreds of Congregationalist delegates from all countries there, but crowds of Presbyterian ministers were present to hear the great preacher. All the American tourists in Edinburgh that Sunday were there. It was a great congregation to which the preacher directed his appeal. How different the sermon from those John Knox once thundered from that same pulpit. Not a rebuking of the peoples for their sins, but a passionate appeal to the nations to come up into that realm of kindly brotherhood where Christian people dwelt and to order their relationships by those same principles of conduct and codes of honourable, unselfish action, that obtained among Christian gentlemen everywhere. The sermon was a notable utterance and is worthy of being taken out of the volume of proceedings where it rests and given wide reading in view of the present turning of the world towards those ideals.

In the beginning of this article I spoke of Dr. Bradford's religious beliefs. One does not need to sum them up, for he did it himself in the last year of his life. He published the summary in "Preludes and Interludes" under the title "The Pastor's Creed" and I will close this chapter with those very interesting and significant words:

"I believe in the universe—that all things and events are related and the end will be found harmonious; I believe in God—the Spirit who pervades the universe; I believe in Man—the child of God and possessing His nature; I believe in human imperfection and guilt; I believe that the grace of God as it is revealed in Jesus Christ is free and for all, and some time will be victorious; I believe in the universal Human Brotherhood and in mutual service; I believe that the realization of righteousness in humanity is the Kingdom of God and that when 'the times are ripe' it will include all the children of men; I believe in personal Immortality; I believe in the Bible, in the Creation, and in the Spirit of man, God has revealed all the truth that man needs to live by; I believe in the right and the duty of each person to decide for himself as to what is true and, therefore, authoritative. I believe that true religion is the possession of the Spirit of Christ, whom I gladly confess as Saviour and Lord. For the rest I believe that all men live and more and more have their being in the love of God, that from it they can never escape and that at last it will everywhere and forever prevail."

XV

EDWARD JUDSON

ATTENTION has often been called to the fact that distinguished men rarely have distinguished sons. But there have been many striking exceptions. Dumas, the son, was great, as was Dumas the father. Beecher, the son, was greater than Beecher, the father. Edward Judson was a worthy son of Adoniram. One was a prophet of foreign missions, the other was a prophet of the new church in the new city. Each one was a pioneer. When Adoniram went to Burmah there was no foreign missionary tradition; when Edward Judson came to Washington Square, New York, there was no tradition to be followed in the ministry to the hundreds of immigrants who had settled in that part of the city. As the father set precedents in foreign missionary work, so the son established the methods of Christian social service and ministered to the masses in New York.

I am glad that Mr. Sears has told the story of Edward's life.[1] It will be an inspiration to every minister in the country who is grappling with the problem of the down-town church, or the ministry

[1] "Edward Judson: Interpreter of God." By Charles Hatch Sears, M. A. The Griffeth and Rowland Press, Philadelphia. $1.

to foreigners. It was one of the bravest lives ever lived. Not only did he give up comfort and prominent, congenial places for an ideal, and not only did he cling to this ideal amidst the indifference and actual hostility of an unawakened denomination and a growing financial burden, but, at least during the later years of his life, when I came to know him well, he was battling against disease, while at the same time worrying over the financial problems of his great church on Washington Square. He was a real knight, meeting each great problem as it came, and, having settled it, moving on to another; concealing the wounds he received, smiling, while great disappointments were wearing at his heart; never knowing defeat although some of his plans surely met defeat. How often have I seen him come into the room where was gathered the little circle of ministers which met every Saturday night, and from which he was rarely absent, and, although he was then almost distracted over the effort to raise the debts incurred by the big institutional church at Washington Square, and was suffering great agony from the disease that soon was to claim him, set the whole group into uproarious laughter with some word of greeting with some delicious touch of irony in it, uttered in most serious tone, with no smile on the face, or refer in such irresistibly funny way to his own situation, that one had to laugh while feeling one ought to weep.

Most of my readers are acquainted with his great life-work; if they are not they will greatly enjoy Mr. Sears' story of it. He was born in India,

where he suffered many hardships as a child, was later brought to the United States, lost his mother at ten, was taken into the home of Rev. Ebenezer Dodge, who afterwards became president of Colgate University, where he was fitted for college, and was graduated from Brown University in 1865. He taught for a while, travelled, and then became pastor of the large North Orange Baptist Church. He soon became very popular there. No one could help loving him, inasmuch as he was one of the sweetest natured men that ever lived. His first word and his captivating smile won all hearts, and as for preaching, he could not speak without being interesting. The North Orange people knew they had secured a rare pastor and settled down to enjoy him, when he suddenly sent consternation to their hearts, and amazed the whole country as well, by announcing his intention of leaving the prosperous North Orange Church to undertake the pastorate of the Berean Church—at a salary of only $1,200 a year—located right in the heart of the down-town region of New York City, a locality rapidly filling up with foreigners, from which the churches were moving one by one. Such a step would not cause the comment now that it did then. There would be more understanding of it. But at that time the social conscience of the Church was not awake. There was not even an organized charity in the city. There were none of the organizations for amelioration of the life of the poor. There was not even a settlement, the first one, the college settlement, being established after Dr. Judson came to New York. He

has described the New York which called to him in such striking words that I want to quote them here. It is easy to see as one reads them what challenged his brave and sympathetic nature:

"Just as soon as the island widens out northward, business tends to fringe the water fronts and the main thoroughfares, and it ascends skyward by means of elevators, and there are left in the interstices behind, the congested masses of population, denser than anywhere else in the world. People are packed together in tenement houses like sardines in a box.

"The Latin and Celtic races predominate over the Saxon. Materialistic and sacramentarian notions form the religion of the people. Evangelical people are fleeing, as from a plague, and their places are rapidly being filled by families that are unresponsive to your Gospel. Day and night you are confronted by the hideous forms of pauperism, prostitution, intemperance and crime. You are like one who with great expense and pains builds a library in a place where people have no taste for books.

"The streets swarm with children like a rabbit-warren. There is a saloon on every corner. These people out-vote us at every election. We catch their diseases. The miasma from this social swamp steals upward and infects our whole municipal life, and our cities determine the character and destiny of our country. We must be either hammer or anvil—either subdue these people with the Gospel or in the end be assimilated by them.

"Now these great masses of people left downtown by the upward trend of business and genteel residences, and composed largely of foreign elements dominated by materialistic or sacramentarian notions, constitute at our very doors a mission field of unparallelled richness and promise. But, like all rich mission fields, it is hard to work, and, if neglected, becomes a menace. We have a new and very dangerous phase of social alienation. The tendency is for the intelligent, well-to-do, and churchgoing people to withdraw little by little from this part of the city."

This, he said, is the impression which the flight of churches makes on working men:

"An untutored working woman or man who toils hard and long for what will buy but little of life's needs, who has seen congregation after congregation leave the lower districts of our city because fashion is retreating northward before the advance of business and it is not considered pleasant or in the best form to maintain a church in a region whose private houses are being gradually transformed into tenements—any hard-pressed wage-worker not blessed with strong faith in God, who has seen Christianity moving out of his neighbourhood into the precincts of wealth, and the churches dying as it were before his eyes, is apt to feel somehow as if Christianity were deserting him, as if, because there is a deep snowdrift in front of my door, I should infer that there is deep snow all over the plain. His belief in a good God, in a providing Father seems to weaken, and we must not be surprised that doubt, at last,

supplants faith and atheism grows. So come despair and hopelessness, carelessness and improvidence. There is no foundation for character but the teachings of the Christian religion. This character which alone can bear comfort must be built up by the Church."

He characterized thus the tendency of the Church:

"We are like a working man who uses his strongest tools where there is the easiest work to do, or a general who turns his heaviest guns upon the weakest point in the enemy's line, or a physician who injects his medicine into the least diseased portions of his patient's body. We make a mistake of huddling our best preachers and our most amply equipped churches in that part of the city where they are least needed, and where refining influences are most abundant; and, on the other hand, just where the population is densest and materialism most strongly intrenched, we bring to bear our weakest and poorest appliances. It is as though during a cold night one should unconsciously gather the bedclothes up around one's neck, leaving the extremities stark and chill."

"It is not strange that many good people are shy of church institutionalism. They say that what we want is 'the simple Gospel,' and, if Christ be lifted up, He will draw all men to Him. But the difficulty is to bring men within *reach* of the Gospel. How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? The preacher is often like one who rings a silver bell in a vacuum. What is the use of transmuting the Gospel into atmospheric vibrations, if

there are no ears within the reach of these vibrations? Church institutionalism is nothing more than systematic, organized kindness, which conciliates the hostile and indifferent, alluring them within reach, and softening their hearts for the reception of the world of life. It can never take the place of the Gospel. All the old, tried methods must be conserved—well-thought-out and inspiring sermons, attractive prayer meetings and Sunday school, faithful and painstaking pastoral visitation. The worst-off need the best we have of preaching, music, architecture—all the rest, not cold victuals and a servants' dining-room—a church, not a mission. My own rule is to preach twice a Sunday, attend my Sunday school, conduct my weekly prayer meetings, and make fifty calls a week."

His thought was not to establish a mission, but that the Church should take up its mission. He says:

"Rescue missions, gospel halls, and the like are only feeble and hectic substitutes for vigorous church organizations. The Church should have its missions in a social swamp, and begin by being itself a mission."

His hope was in the ministry of the local church, not in the service of Christian people through other organizations. He never became wholly reconciled to the state taking over the work of charity. He thought it should be administered by the Church.

"In my opinion this definite social organism, the local church, a group of Christians who meet habitually in one place for worship, the preaching of the

Word, and the celebration of the sacraments, contains the potency for the cure of all the ills that flesh is heir to. Here lies the solution to every social problem. Let no other society displace in our consciousness the local church.''

Here are the words he used as he addressed himself to this great task: ''I have heard the sound of the going in the tops of the mulberry trees, and I have tried to bestir myself for the battle. I believe there is before me an invisible guide, and I propose to follow him. I do not dream of such a thing as want of real success. There is not a spot on Manhattan Island so favourably located as this for a church. I have studied this island carefully. The blessing is to come.''

When Dr. Judson came to New York it was as pastor of a rather weak organization, practically a mission church. He had not been pastor of this Berean Baptist Church long before he began to realize its utter incapacity to carry out his ideals. He did the best he could, establishing various classes and clubs for the children and the young people, but very soon the vision of a great, splendidly equipped, institutional church began to assume shape in his mind. Once, as he was showing me through the Judson Memorial Church, he told me the whole story. He said that he had not been pastor of the Berean Church six months before he began to realize that, to win the foreign population in the neighbourhood, something more than the usual church services must be offered to the people. The Church must win their affection first by a love expressed through

social and even material agencies before it could bring them in reach of the Gospel. The Berean Church was not built for such ministrations. He immediately began to dream of a church adapted to meet every need of the crowded neighbourhood in which he was working. He felt that the one site for it was facing beautiful Washington Square, north of which lived the wealthy, south of which lived thousands of French and Italian immigrants. Then it came to him as an inspiration that he make this church a memorial to his great father, Adoniram Judson,—for had he not devoted his life to the masses? There was not enough money to be had in the locality, perhaps not even in New York, wherewith to build the splendid structure he desired. It occurred to him to appeal to the nation for the $400,000 he needed for the fulfillment of his dream.

He felt very strongly that the end of all social and bodily ministry must be the adoption of the Christian life and that all the various institutions must be made to lead to worship in the Church. To quote his own words: "An institutional church, then, is an organized body of Christian believers, who, finding themselves in a hard and uncongenial environment, supplement the ordinary methods of the Gospel—such as preaching, prayer meetings, Sunday school, and pastoral visitation—by a system of organized kindness, a congeries of institutions, which by touching people on physical, social and intellectual sides, will conciliate them and draw them within reach of the Gospel." In those last words one has Dr. Judson's chief concern. Consequently when the money

was in hand for the Memorial, he insisted that not only should the institutional features be complete, but the church edifice should be beautiful. It is beautiful, as worshipful as the churches to which the Italian was accustomed in his native land. As a matter of fact the three greatest artists in America coöperated in making it beautiful—Stanford White, the architect; St. Gaudens, the sculptor; and La Farge, the painter. Dr. Judson said to me that he supposed there was not a happier man in America than he was on the day when that church was dedicated. He had put seven of the best years of his life into working for it—and there it stood. To its many classes, clubs, socials and the daily services inaugurated, as well as to the Sunday services, the people came in increasing numbers. On that day—so he himself told me—he was glad he had refused the many tempting offers that had come to him to go to easier and more highly paid fields of work. (It was generally understood that he had been offered the presidencies of Brown University, and of Colgate University, the chair of homiletics in Chicago Divinity School and other similar positions.) To this great work he re-dedicated his life as the splendid temple he had reared was dedicated.

But the cost of operation was very great, and it was not so easy to obtain money year by year for that as for the original fund. I have seen him come into the Philothean meeting again and again tired and weary from the endless worry about money. It was another case of a great man's powers being taken from the work he could do at Washington

Square in the ministry to people, by the endless endeavour to raise funds. But he never showed the discouragement he felt. He was the life of the little gatherings when, after the paper and discussion, the dozen men sat down to dinner. If any one referred to the burden he was carrying he would respond, while his eyes twinkled, with some such sudden remark as this: "Don't you know that money raising gives a minister the greatest opportunities in the world? Why, I converted one of the richest Baptists in the city right in his office the other day." "How do you know you converted him?" one of the brethren would ask. "Know? Why, when I came out one of his clerks said, 'Did he give you anything?' 'Yes, twenty-five dollars.' The clerk put his pen down and said solemnly, 'You must have giv'n him *religion.* It's the first time a living soul ever got a dollar out of him.' " But the strain told on him and in 1914 he died of heart failure, which attacked him while he was speaking at a little gathering of clergymen to which he belonged, Sigma Chi. It has always been a rather striking and happy remembrance that he was smitten just as he ended these familiar lines, which he often quoted:

> "The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
> He came again with a great wakening light,
> And showed the names whom love of God had
> blessed,
> And lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

But he was made very happy just a little while before he died. Nineteen hundred and thirteen was

the centennial year of the beginning of his father's great work in India. There was to be a great celebration in Burmah. It occurred to Edward's many admirers in New York to give a testimonial dinner to him at the same hour the memorial service for his father was being held in Burmah. It took the form of a banquet at Sherry's. A large company graced the occasion and Bishop Greer, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, Dr. Robert E. Speer, Dr. George U. Wenner and Dr. Frank Mason North spoke for other denominations than the Baptist, while Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin presided. Everybody was very happy, Dr. Judson most of all. How sweetly and modestly he brushed aside all the fine things that had been said of him when he arose to speak! I sat near him at the guest-table and was very glad. For some of us knew that his stay might not be long. Perhaps no man who has ministered in New York in recent years was more loved than he. I recall hardly any one who lived the Christ life in the modern city in the modern times more fully than did he. I have heard others say the same.

XVI

CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE

ABOUT thirty years ago a young man came down from Glasgow University and entered Mansfield College, Oxford. Principal Fairbairn was then the head of this famous divinity school, and his attention was very quickly turned to this eager English lad—for he was English, although he had studied in Scotland—and a warm affection and an unusual intimacy sprang up between master and pupil. The boy's name was Silvester Horne. He manifested an unbounded enthusiasm for thought and life, an eager passion for work, and an alertness of mind that singled him out in the college assembly. When the time of his graduation came he was already showing signs of marked ability as a preacher, and he was called to the prominent Kensington Congregational Church, London. This church was situated among fashionable people who were soon drawn to the building by the eloquence and passion of the preacher and they remained, so that before long he had a large and successful church—a church which offered him few problems, but inspired him to do well that which he loved to do, preach with earnestness and devotion the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

His friends all thought of him as settled here for a long term of years,—unless, perchance, some university offered him a chair—where he would grow in preaching power, and perhaps write books in leisure hours. Suddenly he astonished all England. There was a great and almost deserted edifice in Holborn, London, called Whitefield's Tabernacle. It had been a great institution in previous days, but the families which once supported its worship had all moved away. It was left to bear empty witness of former glories to a population of boarders, working men and artisans to whom the church was of little concern, while all about it were saloons and shows of rather low type. The Tabernacle was without a pastor, the community was without a leader who could see the great social implications of the Gospel and apply them. It offered no salary to speak of, and seemed to present no opportunity to the preacher. By some chance Mr. Horne learned of the situation and it challenged him. Here were these thousands of working men, these streets full of young men and women, these unshepherded boys and girls —and they called to him. The call was so strong that he could not escape it, and, one day, to the astonishment of his many friends, he announced that he was going to leave Kensington and attack the problem of Whitefield's Tabernacle.

My readers know the story of his remarkable success in that brave undertaking. He made Whitefield's one of the most powerful religious and social centers in London. All sorts of organizations came into being as the church itself grew in power and

influence. Influential laymen became interested in it and went over and threw in their lot with it. Sir William Randal Cremer was only one out of the parliamentary group who were attracted by this young man and his gospel. The men's meetings, especially, became famous, and great crowds flocked to Whitefield's on Sunday afternoons. Great changes began to be apparent in the community about the chapel, and Mr. Horne gradually became the man to whom everybody in trouble turned. He fought saloon and brothel and entered seriously into the problem of the labouring man. It was this contact with the city's life that led him to stand for Parliament, to which he was elected in 1910. Meantime he was in constant demand all over Great Britain as a platform speaker, had been made chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and was president of the National Brotherhood, when he was suddenly called away—dying, as did his famous compatriot, Ian Maclaren, while on a lecture tour in America. He was only forty-nine when he died, but he had made a lasting impression on England and America.

I first met Silvester Horne at the funeral of Sir William Randal Cremer in Whitefield's on the opening day of the International Peace Congress which was held in London in 1908. Cremer was a very wonderful man. He was a carriage painter. A great strike occurred and as time passed the feeling between employers and employees became more and more bitter. Soon Cremer was recognized as the leader of the working men. It finally occurred to

him that there could be no just settlement of the grievances except by arbitration. He set to work to bring this about. He was successful in his efforts and finally the trouble was arbitrated to everybody's satisfaction. He was then sent to Parliament, where he became the spokesman of the labour interests of England. He believed in arbitration of labour disputes and brought about many adjustments of labour troubles in this way. He was a little, quiet, modest man, not a great public speaker, but one who brought great things to pass by personal influence upon all kinds of men. In course of time the thought took possession of him that if labour disputes could be so satisfactorily adjusted by arbitration there was no reason why disputes between nations could not be settled in the same way. From that day forth he became an eager advocate of international arbitration. He conceived the idea of bringing together members of the various parliaments of the world in a convention, to discuss this question. The meeting was finally held in Paris and out of it grew The Interparliamentary Union, an organization that voiced the growing sentiments of the people in Europe, sentiments which were rapidly moving towards this ideal until a few war-lords, who believed neither in the people nor in peace, set back the consummation of their ideal, by plunging Europe into this cruel, unnecessary and futile war. His story has been told in an interesting biography and is one of the romances of the nineteenth century.

The funeral was a notable event. The Peace Congress had brought eminent men from all the world

to London and they attended the funeral *en masse* to do honour to this great man. After the funeral I spoke to Mr. Horne, with whom I had had correspondence. He invited me to lunch with him and we went out to a little restaurant near the church. We had two hours together. I asked him many questions about his work and he talked freely. He dwelt at length upon the success of the "Brotherhood Movement" in England. It came about with the awakening of the Church to the fact that Christianity had something to say about the great evil of poverty other than simply "to be charitable to the poor"; something about vice other than simply "to be pure"; something about the liquor evil other than "to be temperate"; something about the great industrial situation other than "to be content with one's work and to save money"; and something about war other than "to be a Christian soldier." When the Church began to insist on social justice rather than on charity; on removing the conditions that pandered to vice rather than on the simple resistance of temptations that flaunted themselves unchecked in the face of youth; on the banishment of the saloon rather than on personal abstinence alone; on a new industrial order rather than on fruitless struggle with the iniquitous system; and on Christian methods of settling international disputes rather than on Christian conduct during the accepted evils of war—then men turned to the Church, became interested and valiant workers within it and felt Christianity to be a vital thing which touched every point of their lives. The remarkable growth of the Broth-

erhood movement and the success of the men's meetings at Whitefield's were striking evidences of this.

The fact that we had just come from Cremer's funeral naturally turned our conversation to the problem to the solution of which Cremer had devoted his life. Mr. Horne believed that the Christian Church would quickly rid the world of wars if it could only grasp and teach the fundamental truth of Jesus' teaching, that brotherhood was between *peoples* as well as between people. He said to me in substance what I afterwards heard him say at Yale University:

"Nobody can calculate the effect on the life of this world, if every minister of Christ were to know himself charged with full authority as an ambassador of peace, and were to make it a definite part of his mission to plead the cause of brotherhood with all other peoples. No governments could resist such concerted appeal. The Church of Christ can, if she will, make the Hague Tribunal the center of the world's hopes. In my honest judgment, unless the Church brings this era of militarism to a close, and exorcises the demons of hatred, suspicion and aggression, there is no power that can. And it is but obedience to marching orders, after all. I want to appeal to you to include this definitely in your military accoutrement—this fighting faith in a world subject to reason and justice because Christ ruled. I ask you to believe that no ideal of organized peace is too extravagant or ambitious to stand within your horizon."

One thing he said I have recalled many times since that day. It was that many and many churches which were failing to reach the masses of the people would become great influences if the pastor would simply become one with the community, become the friend of every man and family in the parish, and, above all, would show the people that Christianity stood for the salvation of the whole life of man. He referred several times to the surprise that came over the community about Whitefield's when the church began to clean up the neighbourhood and to champion the rights of the people against the exploiter and oppressor of every sort. It was an exceedingly interesting two hours.

I did not meet Mr. Horne again until he came to America in 1912. While Mr. Horne was in New York Dr. Walter Laidlaw, Secretary of the New York City Federation of Churches, who has done more than any one else I know to bring American preachers face to face with distinguished visitors from abroad, arranged a luncheon for Mr. Horne and the pastors of greater New York at the National Arts Club, on September 6, 1912. It was one of the most interesting occasions in the religious life of the city. Scarcely any address I have heard has moved the hearers more deeply. It was bold, vigorous, and every word was full of challenge. I wish there were space to print all of it here. That cannot be, but certain passages which were long talked of in New York might well receive careful study again to-day:

"After all, is not the hope of the world in the

great democracies? When we can get to terms with the great German people as we can get to terms with the French democracy, I believe universal peace and progress will be a great deal nearer than they are.''

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''Nobody, I think, can look carefully at the state of things of our time without seeing a tendency in the great masses of our people to pass the Church by as an instrument that was once the greatest power in the world, but of which to-day they do not see the use. They have no marked antipathy to the Church, but it is far worse that they ignore it. When I was chairman of our Congregational Churches in London, it was my duty to visit these churches. I went down systematically, early, and walked through the streets, and asked the people of each locality, and especially the policemen, where the Congregational Church was. In nine cases out of ten they did not know. If I asked them where a certain public house was they would know at once. They knew every public house in the place. They had taken account of them, but equally they did not feel that our churches were centers of the spiritual, moral and social force with which every neighbourhood had to reckon. I do not believe the Church of Christ is doing its business in the world until people know where it lives. The last vice of Christianity is insignificance. The Christian people are the nicest and best people in the world, but sometimes they don't count. That is their trouble. I sometimes suggest to my brethren that they ought to speak on two texts. One is, 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' and the other is 'Have faith

as a grain of mustard seed,'—salt and mustard. The ordinary person does not think of the Christian as having much salt or mustard about him."

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"I have sometimes said I believe I am the only Calvinist left. I believe the least important thing about Calvin was his doctrine. The only thing important about Calvin was the way he ruled Geneva. He believed the Church was there to make a city, and to make a good city, and he might make endless mistakes, but he was going to make a city, and he was big enough to do it. I have occasionally thrown a stone at his teaching myself. I never lost an opportunity of teaching Dr. Fairbairn what theology I could. Despite that reference, I must admit my theology never exactly warranted throwing stones at any one's else. I am certain, in his outlook upon life, Calvin made every mistake, but he is better in that respect than any one who never did anything. Though we are Protestants here, I confess my belief that the old splendid, imperial idea of the Church of Rome was right, absolutely right. In my judgment, in the carrying out of that ideal she made every mistake. She consecrated to her campaign methods of fraud and falsity, and yet the same idea, that glorious ideal, that Christ was to rule the world, that there was no department of life, manners and morals that was to be outside the sweep and sway of the scepter of the Lord Jesus Christ—that was an absolutely right conception. I do not know why we have drifted away from that, but I have my conviction that we have got to get back to it."

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"The only difference between a groove and a grave is a matter of depth, and we are wearing our grooves so deep they are becoming our graves. How we hesitate to step out into the immediate arena, and make our appeal to masses of people, to say the perfectly sincere, strong word to our followers."

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"After all the Church of to-morrow has got to be a universal Church with a universal nature. You cannot give a racial or national nature to the Church of Christ. It has got to be universal and international. The Church of to-morrow is going to overleap all these narrow bounds. At this moment the Church of Christ has got the key to the situation in her own hands if she has the faith to use it."

In 1914 Mr. Horne delivered the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching at Yale University. The eight lectures were heard by large audiences and Mr. Horne himself won everybody's heart. It is not an easy matter to say anything new about preaching when forty or fifty of the leading preachers of the world have been talking on the same subject year after year. But Mr. Horne's lectures were as original and new as they might have been had not Beecher and all the others spoken before him. They dwelt upon "The Romance of Preaching,"[1] and those who heard them came away with a more exalted feeling of the preacher's office than they had ever

[1] They are published by the Revell Company, of New York, under that title.

dared cherish before. The lecturer spoke first upon the preacher as the permanent organ of God's voice, whose office seems part of the scheme of God, who has been glorious in age after age, and who, as the servant of the Spirit and one commissioned by Christ to represent Him in the earth, holds highest place in the changing civilizations—civilizations that have grown because He has spoken. In six lectures he then illustrated the preacher's power in history by portraying the work of the Old Testament Prophets, the first apostles, then Athanasius, Chrysostom, Savonarola, Calvin, John Knox, John Robinson, Wesley and Whitefield, closing the course with a striking lecture on "The Romance of Modern Preaching." Not only did he make these men live, but he showed how each one illustrated some special function of the preacher's office. The total effect was to magnify the preacher's possibilities to the highest and to make the students and preachers who listened to the lectures proud that they were in the great succession. Mr. Horne was at his best in these lectures, two of which I was fortunate enough to hear, going up from New York purposely to be present. He was passionate in delivery, the great subject having seemingly completely possessed him and the sympathetic audience having apparently stirred him to unusual eloquence. The students were greatly charmed with him, and I do not know of any lecturer whom I have heard in this course who made them feel more thoroughly the greatness of the opportunities that lay before them. One thing about these lectures impressed every one—

the wealth of literary allusion. It was not that Mr. Horne's lectures were besprinkled with quotations, as is the case in Canon Farrar's sermons, but that he brought authorities from every realm—literature, art, poetry, science, history, theology and politics to support and enforce what he was saying. It gave not only authority, but richness and charm to all he said. It also impressed upon the students the value of a wide knowledge of the great books of the world to the preacher. Let me close this chapter with some words uttered by Mr. Horne in his last lecture, which came back to me with special force two or three days afterwards, as being the last words he ever uttered in public—he died on his way from Yale to Toronto where he was to preach to the Canadian students—about as fine a challenge to the young minister of to-day as one can anywhere find:

"I have done. It remains only for me to congratulate you on your birthright. You are born to an inheritance in a great and splendid age. All the Christian centuries offer you their hoarded wealth. For you every prophet has prophesied until now; for you the martyrs suffered, and the saints glorified God in shining lives of holy love and service. For you the poets have sung, and at your feet every one of the world-thinkers has laid the harvest of his brain. For the last hundred years science has been weaving its wizard spells about this earth, and drawing us all nearer together, so that we may contribute what is best in our life to the common stock of the world's wealth. Into this magnificent heritage you have been born; and into the full possession of it

you are about to enter. My advice to you is, in a word, 'Belong to your century.' 'Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.' To be alive here and now, with the call of God in your souls, and the widening opportunities of to-day at your doors, is indeed to have been crowned by Heaven. Let no man discrown you. Do not live in the past. Do not let the glamour of days and events gone by seduce you from your loyalty to the present hour. Whatever faults may be chargeable to our century, it is the best century for you and me. That is why I appeal to you with all affection and solemnity. '*To-day,* oh, that ye would hear his voice!' The voice of God in the life of *to-day!*"

XVII

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

SURELY Booker T. Washington was one of the most remarkable men America has produced. Born in a slave's hut, at an early age he learned to read, and the first book did for him what it has done for many others, filled him with unrest. He evinced a passion for knowledge. The story of how he walked the long distance to Hampton Institute (told in "Up from Slavery," one of the most readable of modern autobiographies), sleeping under board-walks; how he presented himself at the school with no money but with much faith and willingness to work; how he soon recommended himself to General Armstrong by his faithfulness, both in the janitor's work he undertook and in his studies; how he devoured books; how, after leaving Hampton, he went down to Tuskegee, Alabama, and opened a school of eight or ten negro children in a Baptist Meeting House—the house is still shown in the midst of the big buildings of Tuskegee; how he built from this foundation one of the greatest universities in the world, raised many millions of dollars from the American people and introduced into education the habit of making the work done the means of education (all the buildings of Tuskegee, even the beautiful Carnegie Library, were built by the students as part of their curriculum); how he became one of the

great orators of the day, a writer of very striking style, an adviser of presidents and kings, a leading authority on education and the foremost man of his race in all the world, is one of the romances of history.

My first sight of Mr. Washington was at Tuskegee itself. Shortly after I had come to New York as pastor of the Pilgrim Church, I received an invitation to attend the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the founding of Tuskegee as the guest of Robert C. Ogden, for many years president of its board of trustees. Mr. Ogden took about one hundred and fifty people down as his guests. We had a special train made up entirely of stateroom cars and diners and we lived in it the whole week. When we reached Tuskegee the train was run right into the grounds of the Institute on the railroad Mr. Washington had built, and we slept in our staterooms and had our meals in the car, except for a *barbecue* which was held out under the trees on the school grounds. There were a good many eminent men on this special train, and there I met for the first time Andrew Carnegie, Dr. Lyman Abbott, President Eliot, and Mr. Taft (then Secretary of War, I think). The branch railroad, which Mr. Washington had built into the Tuskegee grounds was the occasion of one of his most famous jokes. Speaking, in New York, of the road among other things that they had built for themselves, he remarked, "It is not as long as the New York Central, but it is just as broad."

We were at Tuskegee two whole days and they were crowded with interesting events. We were driven all over the great farms and also to outlying

regions to see model farms with their pretty, new houses where graduates of Tuskegee were at work. We were conducted through shop after shop where we saw every conceivable trade and industry being taught. There were meetings in the great assembly hall where we heard wonderful singing by the students. There were exhibitions of the students' work everywhere, although Tuskegee itself is the best exhibition of this, for every one of the more than one hundred buildings was erected by the students, and mostly from bricks and other material made on the grounds. On the final evening there was a meeting in the big assembly hall, where Mr. Taft and Mr. Carnegie were the chief speakers. One noon a barbecue for the guests was held in a beautiful grove, where we ate to our hearts' content of little pigs roasted on spits, and sweet potato pie from which molasses-like juice bubbled up, the potato being of that dark red, juicy constituency that rarely reaches the north. Through all these days of celebration the hand of Principal Washington could be felt, but he was modesty itself. He was always the most modest of men. When he came to New York, which he did for two or three months every winter to raise funds, he slipped quietly into one of the hotels near the Grand Central, and at meal times would often be found by himself off in a corner of the grill room seldom frequented by guests. He hired a bare room in a building near by for a sort of office. It contained only a plain board table and half a dozen cheap kitchen chairs. There was no rug or carpet on the floor.

During this visit of the trustees and their guests he was always within reach, but he never obtruded himself upon anybody. Some people felt that he carried his modesty too far. But he was a very sensitive man in spite of the fact that some of his own race felt that he was immune to slights put upon the coloured race and in spite of his philosophy that the coloured people would do better to put their effort upon winning recognition from the white people by good work rather than by seeking social recognition. He used to say that when the negro made himself the equal of the white man by his success, the white man would have to recognize that equality, and he used to remark shyly that in one or two towns where a coloured man had become the banker and had the money to lend there was no trouble about social recognition. But it was, of course, impossible for Dr. Washington to escape his meed of praise at the big meeting where the speakers reviewed the first twenty-five years of the university. It was at this meeting that Mr. Carnegie called down upon his own head the ire of large numbers of white people, especially of the Southern States, by referring to Mr. Washington as one of the greatest men the South had produced, and yet one of my English friends who had visited Tuskegee, read Mr. Washington's books, heard him speak two or three times, and afterwards had met him for a long talk on economic questions, remarked to me: "Dr. Washington is one of the few geniuses America has produced. I mean by genius one who originates, creates, builds up great structures along new lines."

It was impossible not to be always interested in Tuskegee after that visit and not to be always trying to interest others in it. Furthermore, it was impossible not to be interested in Mr. Washington himself, and the acquaintance I made with the great and modest principal upon that visit was continued to the end. Every winter, when he came to New York, I met him many times, and heard him speak upon many occasions. Three of these stand out especially in my memory. The first was an evening service in my own church in New York City. It was my custom when pastor of Pilgrim Church to hold a service every year at Christmas time for the consideration of the subject of international peace. Mr. Washington was intensely interested in this question and was a member of the Peace and Arbitration Commission of the Federal Council of Churches. On this particular occasion I asked Mr. Carnegie to preside and he consented without any urging, saying that he considered it an honour to preside where Booker Washington was to speak. Unfortunately he was called to Washington to testify before the Tariff Commission just at the time of the meeting and, of course, had to go. It was a great disappointment. But Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, consented to take his place and the meeting was a great success. The church was crowded far beyond its seating capacity and the occasion took upon itself an added interest because Mr. Tanner, the famous artist, was also present. I called attention to the fact that we had the greatest orator of the coloured race and the greatest painter of that race present

together, and asked Mr. Tanner to rise in his seat and receive our greetings as we greeted Mr. Washington. No one who was present will ever forget Dr. Washington's address, especially one sentence in it, namely, "No man can hold another man down in the gutter without staying in the gutter with him; no race can hold another race down without staying down there with that race." It was on this occasion that he told two of his most famous stories. The first was this: A Southern gentleman made a contract with a coloured man to furnish him with a turkey every Saturday. He especially emphasized the fact that it was to be a tame turkey, not a wild one. But one Sunday the family found shot between their teeth as they ate their turkey. The white man immediately hunted up the coloured man and upbraided him soundly: "You said you would bring me tame turkeys only, Sam, and last Saturday you brought a wild one. It was *full of shot.*" "Lor' sake, Mr. Green," immediately answered Sam. "That's all right. That was sure 'nuff a tame turkey. Them yere shot was meant for me." The other story was about the coloured man who was asked whether he was an optimist or a pessimist. "I ain't neither," he answered. "I'm a possumist." Mr. Washington then reminded the young people that if they remembered their Latin "*possum:* I am able," it was not a bad category in which to be.

Another occasion stands out clearly in my memory. It was the dinner of the New York Republican Club on Lincoln's birthday. This dinner was an annual affair and many famous orators had spoken before

the club on Lincoln, but I doubt if any ever made the impression Mr. Washington made that night. For an hour he held the large group spellbound. At one time he would have them convulsed with laughter, another time he would almost bring them to their feet in his eloquent appeal for human rights. One of his stories is too good to be lost. He said that the pastor of a coloured church near Tuskegee came to him one time and told him his troubles. He told him that the previous year he had received his salary regularly, but that this year he could not get a cent out of his people. Then he asked Dr. Washington to come over and preach in the church and urge them to faithfulness in regard to paying him his salary, small enough at best. Mr. Washington went over, and in the course of his sermon laid great stress on this particular remissness. As he spoke he noticed one gray-haired old deacon in the front unceasingly shaking his head and grunting louder and louder as he went on. Finally he said to Deacon Johnson: "What's wrong here anyhow? Why don't you pay up like men?" to which Deacon Jones grunted back: "We ain't goin' to pay nuffin, Mr. Washington. *We done paid for all them sermons last year.*"

Mr. Washington was always a faithful alumnus of Hampton Institute and was always as ready to plead for it as for his own college. I remember upon one of the occasions of the annual meeting of the Armstrong Association in New York he was the chief speaker. He said little about Hampton's work or Hampton's needs, but he just took half a dozen graduates of Hampton and showed what they were

doing in their own schools. As many will remember, Mr. Washington made frequent tours of the Southern States, meeting the negroes at prearranged meetings, where many came from miles around to hear him, and visiting the various schools and institutes for negroes. He knew intimately just what every negro leader in the South was doing, and his story of the things these graduates of Hampton were doing was one of the most effective addresses I ever heard. No plea was necessary after that story. I walked to the hotel with him after the meeting and he told me about his trip through Mississippi. It had been a most wonderful experience. He felt more convinced than ever that the solution of the negro problem lay entirely in education, especially in technical, industrial and agricultural training. He confessed that he had not much sympathy with the negro leaders who were complaining of the social ostracism of the negro. He thought that question would take care of itself, that the negro should devote himself to lifting himself up rather than to asking the white race to do it. He was aware of the unjust discriminations made against the negro. He had suffered from them himself. But he thought that on the whole he should be thinking of his opportunities rather than of his rights, that rights came when people had lifted themselves to a point where they could not be refused them. He had noticed everywhere in the South, the difference in the attitude of the white people towards the successful negro farmer, banker, and mechanic from that towards the slack and untrained man. I asked him his attitude towards the higher education

of the negro. In spite of all that had been said to the contrary he was in fullest sympathy with it. He thought that the race needed college men as leaders, teachers, lawyers, doctors and especially as ministers. He thought the problem of the negro minister was the most serious one; that the negro minister, especially the rural pastor, should be trained in agriculture as well as in theology, and should be able to run a model garden as well as live a model life. He also thought they should be taught to emphasize the ethical side of religion rather than the emotional. He intimated with a laugh that he had sometimes wished he could combine a theological seminary with Tuskegee. It struck me as an idea worthy of very serious consideration and two or three times in the next few years I brought it up. But he always shook his head: "No, my work is along the lines I have begun."

I once told him that I thought his book, "Up from Slavery," was one of the best autobiographies that had been written in many years, and that I had persuaded many boys to read it, and had given it to many boys in many congregations. He was evidently greatly pleased. He said he had received hundreds of letters about it from parents in the North. I still think it is one of the most inspiring books for a boy. And the volume of his short chapel addresses, "Character Building," is delightfully suggestive and practical—just as good for white boys as for coloured boys. It ranges from the possession of a tooth-brush as a mark of civilization to prayer as the greatest force in life.

XVIII

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

ON May 18, 1917, I witnessed the most remarkable funeral the country has known since the funeral of Phillips Brooks in Boston, when Copley Square could hardly hold the crowd that came from all over Boston. I approached St. Bartholomew's Church from the Grand Central Station at about nine in the morning, and the streets in all directions were one mass of people. The streets leading from the house to the church were also lined with people. Only about a thousand people could get into the church: fully five thousand remained standing outside during the service, which was held at half-past nine. The coffin was carried to the Grand Central Station amid a throng of people with bared heads. Joseph H. Choate was laid to rest in the cemetery at beautiful Stockbridge, in the Berkshire Hills, where for many years he had made his summer home, and which he greatly loved.

It was at Stockbridge I first saw him. I was at that time pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox—four miles away. His beautiful summer home was on the western side of the hill that rises directly out of the little village. It commanded a great sweep of some of the most charming scenery in America. One of the roads from Lenox to Stock-

bridge ran directly by his house, and in summer time I frequently met him walking or driving along this road, or saw him wandering about his large estate. He was greatly beloved in Stockbridge and identified himself with every interest of the village. For many years Stockbridge has had a famous society, a sort of village improvement society, called the Laurel Hill Association. Every autumn it has an outdoor meeting, always with some famous speaker. Here Mr. Choate always appeared and he was the life of the community. I met him first at dinner at one of the great Lenox houses. After the dinner, when the men retired to the smoking room, I had my first real contact with him. He was the life of the evening and told inimitable stories. He was simply a great big boy. Had he not gone as ambassador to the Court of St. James, doubtless I should have had the privilege of meeting him often during those happy Berkshire days.

When, later, I came to New York as pastor of Pilgrim Church, one of the events to which I looked forward was to seeing him again. I think it was at a dinner of the New England Society that I first saw him after his return from Great Britain. As an ambassador he had been a great success. His genial ways, his ready wit, and his continual expression of friendship for Great Britain had won all hearts. He was a great favourite with everybody, from the King to the bootblack. He did much to create kindly feeling between the two countries, not a small part of an ambassador's opportunity. At this dinner he told of his life in London, and it was one of the

most interesting after-dinner addresses I have ever heard. I was destined to hear him make a great many after-dinner addresses before he died at the age of eighty-five, and the evenings on which he spoke still stand out in a long and continuous succession of banquets. He often presided at banquets in New York and his toasts were always most felicitous. One of these toasts—given at a dinner of the Pilgrims before my time—is so striking that it deserves preservation in these pages. It was as follows: "And, then, Women—the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they had to bear not only the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers suffered but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides." Although I did not hear this toast I heard many others. His after-dinner addresses should be collected into a volume. Not only would they be highly entertaining, but they would reveal some of the most illuminating comment upon contemporary movements. He was a most gallant man, knightly in his code of honour, and he despised corruption in both personal life and politics. In these addresses he did not hesitate to utter scathing words about men of the stripe of Mr. Tweed; neither did he fail to praise honourable men. Who will ever forget his tribute to Roscoe Conkling: "However we may differ," said Choate, "one from another or

all of us from him, we owe the Senator one debt of gratitude for standing always steadfast and incorruptible in the halls of corruption. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego won immortal glory for passing one day through the fiery furnace, but he has been twenty years there, and has come out without even a smell of smoke upon his garments.'' Perhaps the most famous word that will be remembered from among the many striking things he uttered at the dinner table was his answer to the question: ''Who would you prefer to be if you had your life to live over again?'' He hesitated a moment, and then, with the most irresistible smile playing over his countenance, remarked, ''Mrs. Choate's second husband.'' Needless to say it captivated the company.

My more intimate acquaintance with him developed when I began to meet him on committees of organizations which had for their purpose the substitution of judicial processes for war in the settlement of international disputes. He was a firm believer in the possibility of nations learning to settle their disputes as decent individuals had learned to settle theirs, in courts of law. He was one of the first to advocate the establishment of a world court, and not a little of the unanimity of the Second Hague Conference in its testimony in favour of such a court came from his continual advocacy of the idea upon the floor of the Conference. I am glad that I heard him say these words, for they will be remembered again, I think, before long: ''Man is a fighting animal. He has fought his way to his present advanced position, which is the result of the survival

of the fittest, but I am one of those who believe that by and by, by the general consensus of the public opinion of the world, he will be generally satisfied that fighting does not pay; that wars and the necessary preparation for war, as the Emperor of Russia said in his first summons of The Hague Conference, are a terrible burden, fatal to the prosperity of nations who indulge in them, and that wars will become less and less frequent as time goes on.'' He devoted much of his time and thought to the advocacy of this world court and of international arbitration. When the great Carnegie Endowment for International Peace with its ten million dollars was created, Mr. Choate became one of its trustees and devoted much time to it. At the Second Hague Conference, as first delegate from the United States, he worked unceasingly for these high aims, and much of what it achieved was due to his untiring efforts.

I was fortunate enough to see him frequently at the Second Hague Conference. I had been sent, with Professor Samuel T. Dutton, as a delegate from the New York Peace Society to the International Peace Congress, meeting in Munich. It was suggested that we visit The Hague, where the Second Hague Conference was in session, on our way to Munich and carry the expression of the desire upon the part of the peace-workers of America that the Conference adopt the splendid propositions being laid before it by our American delegates. Dr. Hamilton Holt, Dr. Trueblood, Mr. Mead, and other eminent Americans also visited The Hague with us. The first friend I met at The Hague was William T.

Stead of London, who had encamped there for the whole summer, "To keep the English delegates awake," he said. Upon seeing me, he grasped my hand and said, "I am glad you arrived to-day, for you can see an interesting event. The American delegates are giving a reception to-night at the Palace Hotel, Scheveningen, to the delegates from all the other countries, and their wives." He informed Mr. Choate of my arrival, and I immediately received a very cordial invitation. It was a most interesting event, and a most significant one, ever to be remembered by me, for I saw, for the first time in my life, "all the world in one room." The official delegates of practically every nation in the world were present. Mr. Choate was splendid. He moved in and out among the guests, and had something to say to every man and woman present. The ladies were delighted with him. He was irrepressible, bubbling with fun, sparkling with wit. He was most gracious to me, introducing me to great men and charming women from all over Europe and South America. Many of the ladies he had met only that night, but he remembered them all. After he had presented me to a few of them he ran off saying, "Now have a good time and say your brightest things." Inasmuch as the conversation was all in French it can easily be imagined how many bright things I said. I found an English friend and together we withdrew to a corner and watched the interesting group. It is doubtful if so many of the world's greatest men have been together in one room since that night.

The sessions of the Conference were held daily,

for four months, in the Hall of the Knights. It was difficult to gain admission, but through Mr. Choate's kindness I was allowed to be present. My wonder for him increased at the sessions I was permitted to witness. The members of the Latin races are much more grandiloquent in their speaking than are we. It was most amusing when the practical business got lost in flights of oratory to see Mr. Choate, with a word, bring the speakers back to earth. Comte de St. Maurice, who was political editor of *Gil Blas* at this time, in writing of the various delegates to the Conference, had this to say of Mr. Choate: "He is the *enfant terrible* of the Conference. He seems aware neither of the grandeur of the mission intrusted to the delegates nor of the personal majesty of their excellencies. He is barely a diplomat. He it is who, with an air of innocence, inserts into a discussion a few cold words which effectively shatter the grandiloquent bubbles of his colleagues. He it is who unsmilingly emphasizes some imposing puerility. It is he, always he, whose brief logic brings back to earth again discussions which have drifted into the pacific ether. What superb balloons has he thus pricked. What pretentious aeronauts has he brought to earthly realities."

Yet it was Mr. Choate, with the coöperation of the other American delegates, who induced the Conference to take whatever radical and positive steps it did take—the unanimous vote in favour of establishing a world court, the almost unanimous vote in favour of arbitration treaties, the unanimous vote to make the Conferences periodic.

Some weeks after the Second Hague Conference had closed and the American delegates had returned home, Mr. Choate and General Horace Porter addressed a meeting of the Union League Club in New York, on the results of the four months' session at The Hague. (The informal remarks of the evening were afterwards expanded into two lectures which he gave before Princeton University, and which were published by the Princeton University Press in a little volume, "The Two Hague Conferences.") He was in finest spirits that evening because he felt that a great milestone had been passed in the upward march of human history. One story which he told so aptly sums up the truth that the diversities of humanity are surface traits, while at heart humanity is one, that I cannot forbear repeating it. A circus came to a little New England town and an Irishman turned up early in the day and asked if he could not get a job helping to pitch the tents or feed the animals, for the price of admission to the circus. The manager said, "I'm sorry, Pat, but we've got all the help we need. But I'll tell you. The lion died last night, and what is a circus without a lion! We've kept his pelt and head. Now if you'll just get into that pelt, and lie down as though the lion was asleep over in the corner of the cage, I'll give you two dollars." Pat thought it was an easy way to earn two dollars and accepted the offer. They put him into the skin and opened the door of the cage. He started in but immediately jumped back with a yell—for there, over in the corner of the cage, was a great Bengal tiger lying fast asleep. They

gave him a shove, but he jumped back again yelling, "I'll not go into the cage with that baste over yonder." Whereupon the tiger lifted his head somewhat in surprise and said, "Come right in, Pat, I'm an Irishman, too!" At heart, under all our different skins, colours, languages, national earmarks, racial traits, we are all Irishmen—all one.

The last time I saw Mr. Choate was when he acted as host to Mr. Balfour when the visiting English Commission was in New York. He was with Mr. Balfour almost all the time, and spoke three or four times a day at various functions. The strain was too much for him and he passed quietly away while Mr. Balfour was yet here. The last time he and Mr. Balfour were together was on Sunday, May sixth, at the great service in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in honour of the distinguished visitors. The last words he said to Mr. Balfour were, "Good-bye. I hope that the next time we meet it will be to celebrate the victory."

XIX

CHARLES WAGNER

THE report of the sudden death of Pastor Charles Wagner, of Paris, that knight of the spirit, stirred many recollections in American breasts. It came just as Pastor Wagner received an invitation from the National Committee on the Moral Aims of the War to come to America. He could not accept the invitation because the hand of disease was already upon him and because he felt that France needed him in these critical hours. But he sent a letter to America containing the substance of the message he would have uttered had he come. It appeared in the American papers about the time he died, and was almost his last word. It was a passionate plea for the things he had been preaching for fifty years—preaching in tones that reached far beyond the confines of France.

There have been few more romantic lives than Pastor Wagner's. He came from Alsace-Lorraine and was brought up in the German language and the Lutheran faith. His father, who was a pastor, died when the boy was seven, and with his mother he went to live with his grandparents. He attended the village school and at an early age he developed a passionate love of nature. As a youth he lived in

the woods and fields rather than in books. He acquired a vast sum of information about birds, flowers, beasts and insects, and these pictures of the outdoor world which he made his own in youth were continually bursting into speech in his sermons of later years. This contact with nature also had much to do with his religious faith. At the same time that the Lutheran pastor in the village was instructing him in the orthodox doctrines there was growing up in him a sweet, simple, natural piety, the love of God and the love of men, born, as he himself once said, out of this closeness to nature's heart.

It seems to have been understood all along that the boy was destined for the ministry. At fourteen his guardians sent him to Paris to study theology under Pastor Kulm, a Lutheran minister, and author of a well-known "Life of Luther." Pastor Wagner knew scarcely any French, but he worked hard and soon entered the Sorbonne, from which he received his degree of B. A. He then went to the University of Strasbourg, where he remained until 1875. He was still only twenty-three, but he had seen the great war and he had seen his fatherland annexed to Germany. While the war was surging around him the two faiths he had inherited from childhood, the faith that he had been taught by the Lutheran pastor, the other that had instinctively come to him from his nearness to nature, were battling within him. Out of this conflict was born the large, liberal faith that filled him with joy and contentment, and which he was to preach in Paris for many years, to bring to America, and to send to thousands of souls in his

several books. After a further short period of study at Göttingen and a visit to his childhood home—where he saw the results of the Great War—he became the assistant of the aged pastor, Nessler de Bar, near the frontier. Here he preached regularly in German, but being near France, he became interested in the French language. He began the study of French, and was drawn more and more towards the French people, with their passionate love of freedom and their idealism. He accepted a position in Remiremont, in the French Vosges. But he soon found his field of labour too small, and he suddenly threw up everything, made the great venture, and departed for Paris.

After a while he found a field of labour. There was a small church, among the working people, where the Liberal preacher, Coqueral, had laboured. The parish was practically a mission field, and challenged the best within him. The first things he did were to open a Sunday school and begin a course of Sunday evening lectures. Some friends who heard these lectures persuaded him to begin a series of morning sermons in a little up-stairs room in the Rue des Arquebusiers, where many young men lived. The work grew rapidly and he soon had a considerable congregation of young men gathered about him. After a while they were forced to move to the large hall on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, where his great life-work was accomplished. This was destined to become the center of one of the most influential movements of modern Paris.

Young men gathered about him, not only to listen,

but to work. He became the great friend and leader of the aspiring youth of Paris. He published his book "Youth" at this time, and it brought more young men to him. An organization was effected, "The Union for Moral Action," based upon no creed except that of service. It established working men's circles and popular universities. To-day there are twenty of these popular universities in Paris and over one hundred in France. He also organized a society of young men and one of young women, with which he discussed the problems of the day. One after another books came from his pen which attracted wide attention. The titles were such as these: "Courage," "Along the Road," "Around the Hearth-stone," "Justice," "Be a Man" and "The Simple Life." This last book was translated into English. It soon found an American audience. One of the first Americans to be moved by it was Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States. He praised it in public on two occasions and then everybody began reading it. It was this book that opened the way for Pastor Wagner's visit to America. Let me quote here some words he uttered to Miss King, who wrote the introduction to the English translation of "The Simple Life." They sum up splendidly his attitude towards religion and life:

"It has been given to me to be able to combine harmoniously in my soul many forces, hostile in appearance, but fundamentally united into one solidarity. I have lived with rich and poor, wise and ignorant, city folks and peasants, Germans and

French, believers and atheists, the champions of the past and the champions of the present, and I have understood and loved them all. I love life and humanity under all their wholesome, sincere forms, in all their griefs and their hopes, and even in all the tempests of thought and deed. *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.* Thus I have learned to love the blind bard of Tios with a love that grows daily more ardent. I am a pagan and an ancient, a child of nature come to God through Christ. I belong not to the sad but to the joyous Christ. I follow Christ because I have heard Him speak the *natural* language—the language of humanity—and because I have heard beating in His heart the heart of all. Therefore He is not for me a person who was and is no longer, but the eternal contemporary of us all, the symbol of a spirit which rests with us always. The visible truths of the human and divine evangel rise every morning on my horizon like new luminaries, and I salute and adore them with the same admiration as if I were seeing them every morning for the first time. Miracles, dogmas, forms which worried me at first worry me no longer. Across them all I see only one thing—man in search of God, God in search of man.''

It was shortly after ''The Simple Life'' made such a sensation in 1906 that Pastor Wagner was invited to America. It was Mr. John Wanamaker who extended the invitation and who mapped out his American journey for him. He hesitated a long time before accepting the invitation. He could not speak English and he felt his work needed him in Paris.

There was his family also, and he was a great home man. But finally his family and his congregation also felt that he ought to accept the invitation. After he had accepted there came the question of language. He could, of course, make all his addresses in French and use an interpreter. This he could not abide and he determined to learn the English language. He accomplished the marvellous task of acquiring a new language in a few weeks. Those of us who heard him speak while he was in America could hardly believe that he had not been speaking English all his life, so well did he make addresses in our tongue. He has told the story in "My Impressions of America," and it is worth reading by all those who wish to acquire a modern tongue. As a matter of fact he dropped everything else but this study, and gave the whole of every day to it under the tutelage of a good teacher. (President William R. Harper used to say that he could give any man of ordinary intelligence a working knowledge of Hebrew in sixteen days, if the man would put eight hours a day on the task.)

I first met Pastor Wagner directly after his arrival in America. A little group of fifteen or twenty men were invited to meet him at dinner in the rooms of the Aldine Club, New York. If I remember rightly the dinner was given by the editors of *The Outlook.* At each plate was an autographed copy of "The Simple Life" with the date of the dinner. (My copy lies before me as I write.) In the course of the dinner several of those present, introduced by Dr. Lyman Abbott, paid tribute to the

distinguished guest. Finally Pastor Wagner himself was introduced. He was a bit nervous at first, and no wonder, for this was, I think, the first time he had ever made an address in English. But the nervousness passed away in a moment, and, with a remarkable command of our language, he spoke fluently and eloquently for twenty minutes. He was an interesting figure. He had the sturdy build of a man born and reared in the country. His face was massive, his brow commanding, and his voice, as became his body, strong and resonant. His hands were large, and the fist, often clenched while he was speaking, massive. He was hardy, and loved the elements. (Nothing would ever induce him to wear gloves.) There was nothing French in his appearance; rather, he resembled the mountaineers from whom he was descended.

His address was the story of how he came to write "The Simple Life." The longer he lived and worked in Paris the more the complexity of our modern life grew upon him. He saw that it was this complexity, this entanglement in a thousand things, that was the cause of most of the unrest and misery that everywhere pervaded society, and it was this complexity that prevented men from reaching that calm, reposeful state of being, that fine, outstanding character he had known in the country town of his youth. Things had assumed the mastery in place of the soul. Man was the slave of things and of conventions. "From the cradle to the grave, in his needs as in his pleasures, in his conception of the world and of himself, the man of modern times

struggles through a maze of endless complication. Nothing is simple any longer; neither thought nor action; not pleasure, not even dying. With our own hands we have added to existence a train of hardships, and lopped off many a gratification. I believed that thousands of our fellow men, suffering the consequences of a too artificial life, would be grateful if I tried to give expression to their discontent, and to justify the regret for naturalness which vaguely oppresses them.''

I had the pleasure of meeting him three or four times while he remained in New York, and I also met him for a while just before his return to France. Of course, I took occasion in this last meeting to ask him his impressions of America. He had a fine sense of humour and smilingly replied that he had seen only ''the banquet side'' of American life. Then speaking seriously he said that the chief memory of America he would take back to France would be the beautiful homes where he had been a guest. He had been in every kind of home: Mr. Wanamaker's palatial home near Philadelphia; Lyman Abbott's book-lined home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson; the humbler homes of business men and ministers in the West, all were to him sweet and beautiful, and distinctively American. In every town where he had lectured he had been entertained in some home. He had seen little of our great hotels—and was not much interested in them. The other thing that impressed him was the genuine interest in religion that he found everywhere, and especially the growing emphasis on the fundamental realities of faith. He

felt that Christian unity was inevitable, sooner or later. The divergencies came when men talked of rites, of orders, of interpretations of texts. But men were not talking of those things now. They were talking of trust in God, discipleship and the practice of the teachings of Jesus, of brotherhood, of the establishing of Christ's kingdom on the earth. On these things all denominations were agreed, and as they became more and more engrossed in these things and coöperatively laboured for them, as everywhere he found them doing, more and more they would become one.

I heard him give one lecture in New York. Everywhere he went he had great audiences. The book had advertised him. It was issued in a five-cent edition hawked by newsboys on the streets of New York. I saw hundreds of them sold. The lecture I attended was crowded. The speaker was quite moved by the crowd that had come to hear him. He gave them the first chapter of "The Simple Life," "Our Complex Life." It is a great chapter and everybody knows it is true. After the lecture scores pressed forward to clasp hands with this great, sincere man. I think the fact that one had come from France, a country which to the average, unread American, was the home of everything except faith, to persuade Americans to return to the simple life of Jesus, as far as possible, had much to do with deepening the impression the lecturer made. His closing words are so worthy of constant reading that I will quote them in these memories of a great, sincere, lovable soul:

"When one passes in review the individual causes that disturb and complicate our social life, by whatever names they are designated—and their list would be long—they all lead back to one general cause, which is this: *the confusion of the secondary with the essential.* Material comfort, education, liberty, the whole of civilization—these things constitute the frame of the picture; but the frame no more makes the picture than the frock the monk or the uniform the soldier. Here the picture is man, and man with his most intimate possessions—namely, his conscience, his character and his will. And while we have been elaborating and garnishing the frame we have forgotten, neglected, disfigured the picture. Thus are we loaded with external good, and miserable in spiritual life; we have in abundance that which, if must be, we can go without, and are infinitely poor in the one thing needful. And when the depth of our being is stirred, with its need of loving, aspiring, fulfilling its destiny, it feels the anguish of one buried alive—is smothered under the mass of secondary things that weigh it down and deprive it of light and air.

"We must search out, set free, restore to honour the true life, assign things to their proper places, and remember that the center of human progress is moral growth. What is a good lamp? It is not the most elaborate, the finest wrought, that of the most precious metal. A good lamp is a lamp that gives good light. And so also we are men and citizens, not by reason of the number of our goods and the pleasures we procure for ourselves, not through our

intellectual and artistic culture, nor because of the honours and independence we enjoy; but by virtue of the strength of our moral fiber. And this is not a truth of to-day, but a truth of all times.

"At no epoch have the exterior conditions which man has made for himself by his industry or his knowledge been able to exempt him from care for the state of his inner life. The face of the world alters around us, its intellectual and material factors vary; and no one can arrest these changes, whose suddenness is sometimes not short of perilous. But the important thing is that at the center of shifting circumstances man should remain man, live his life, make towards his goal. And whatever be his road, to make towards his goal, the traveller must not lose himself in crossways, nor hamper his movements with useless burdens. Let him heed well his direction and forces, and keep good faith; and that he may the better devote himself to the essential—which is to progress—at whatever sacrifice, let him simplify his baggage."

XX

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

THE news in the morning papers of July second of the death of Washington Gladden at the age of eighty-two must have awakened in the hearts of thousands of Americans many tender memories of a great, sweet, gentle soul as well as of one of the most prophetic minds America has known during the last fifty years. In all departments of thought he was a great leader, and at the same time he was a great soul, one of those big, friendly men in whom everybody had absolute confidence and who made friends and disciples throughout the land. He was a pioneer in three fields, that of the new Biblical scholarship, that of the socializing of the Gospel, and that of liberal theology. His books were read around the world. There were several of them on all these subjects, and they continued to appear almost up to the date of his departure.

The story of his life is the story of many self-made Americans and is full of romance, struggle, the battle for truth and freedom, growing power, success, a high place among the leaders of the nation. His autobiography, published in 1909 (Houghton

Mifflin Co.) under the title "Recollections" is a good book to put into the hands of any American youth. His father was a school-teacher. He died while Washington was but a boy, and the mother carried on his work for a while. Then she went to her mother's home at Owego, Washington being received into his uncle's home. With the exception of a year's visit to his grandfather, he spent nine years with his uncle on a farm near Owego. There he worked on the farm and attended the district school. But, as is always the case with boys of this sort, he began to devour books, and these books opened windows into the great worlds of the past and the worlds of thought and action out beyond the farm. He continually read the Bible and felt its spell and greatness. He walked under the stars and thought on the meaning of life and religion. Of course it was impossible to chain up a boy of this sort long and at sixteen, with his good uncle's encouragement, he left the farm and entered the office of the Owego *Gazette* as the "boy." (This was prophetic of his connection with various journals later in his life. He was one of the editors of *The Independent* for a while and was on the editorial staff of *The Christian Work* when he died.) These were stormy times and the boy became immersed in politics. But the religious instinct claimed him again. He joined the Church and decided to enter the ministry. The nature of the "call" he heard is interesting because so prophetic of his future ministry. He says of it: "It was not an individualistic pietism that appealed to me; it was a religion that

laid hold upon life with both hands, and proposed, first and foremost, to realize the Kingdom of God in this world. I do not think that any other outlook upon the work would have attracted me.'' His life-work could well be summed up as devoted to building the Kingdom of God in the world.

He fitted for college in the village academy and in 1856 entered the Sophomore class of Williams College. Here he came under the influence of such men as Mark Hopkins and John Bascom, and also under the spell of the beautiful Berkshire Hills. Here he wrote the words and music of a song, ''The mountains, the mountains,'' which became the college song at once and has remained so ever since. After college he returned to Owego as a teacher. He drifted into the ministry while teaching. The pastor of the Owego Congregational Church, Mose Coit Tyler, and he became great friends, and one day Gladden preached for him. Then he secured a license to preach, hoping to exercise his gifts in the district schools and rural churches. But soon he was called to assist in some revival work in Le Raysville. Here for eight weeks he preached three or four times a week, and with such success that he soon received a call to Brooklyn, New York.

The young preacher reached New York just as the great storm broke and the nation was rent on the question of slavery. Mr. Beecher was thundering against compromise, and the atmosphere of New York was charged with excitement. Meantime Mr. Gladden accepted a call in New York City. In 1866 he went to the prosperous Congregational Church in

North Adams. Here he exercised a powerful ministry until 1871, when he accepted an invitation to become the religious editor of *The Independent.* He returned to New York and engaged in editorial work until 1879, at which time he accepted a call to the North Congregational Church at Springfield, Massachusetts. Here he remained until 1882, when he became pastor of the First Congregational Church of Columbus, Ohio, which he served for over thirty years.

He was a great power in Columbus, but his ministry soon began to exercise a national influence. He had already written several books when he went to Columbus, but the first book to become widely known was "Who Wrote the Bible?" published in 1893. The results of the Higher Criticism were just being disseminated in America and thousands of good people were greatly disturbed over the new views of the Bible. Dr. Gladden wrote this book in popular vein to give to the people the real results of these studies and to show to the people that it was constructive in its aim, and that, instead of detracting from the value of the Bible as a medium of divine revelation, it added to its value. The book, of course, was vigorously attacked from all conservative quarters, but it proved of great help to thousands of earnest and thoughtful people and saved many to the faith. In 1897 Dr. Gladden came back to the same subject and wrote a book which became equally popular on the "Seven Puzzling Bible Books."

He had not been in Columbus long before he was invited to deliver the Lyman Beecher Lectures on

Preaching, before the Yale Divinity School. This course of lectures, published in 1893 under the title "Tools and the Man," revealed Dr. Gladden as one of the prophets of the Social Gospel, and for several years he and Dr. Josiah Strong shared the leadership of the Church in its new vision of the Kingdom of God. It was the task of the Church to bring the whole of civilization under the sway of the Gospel as well as to save individuals. Book after book appeared calling the churches to the new task of establishing the Kingdom of God on the earth. "Social Facts and Forces" and "Social Salvation" fell upon the ears of the young ministers almost as a new Gospel. Disciples arose all over the nation and Dr. Gladden himself was called to all cities to deliver his message in person, at the same time he was sharing with Abbott, Munger, Smyth and Whiton the leadership in what was called the "New Theology" movement. Such books as "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age" and "How Much Is Left of the Old Doctrines" were widely read and exercised a great formative influence upon the thinking people of the nation. He continued to write books up to the time of his death. In 1915 The Church Peace Union offered a prize of $1,000 for the best book constructively dealing with the question of war and peace. Dr. Gladden submitted a manuscript, and the three judges, Chancellor Emeritus Henry Mitchell MacCracken, Rev. Sidney L. Gulick and Philip I. Roberts, unanimously awarded him the prize. The book was published under the title "The Forks of the Road," and set forth many of the

ideals that are being urged now as the necessary outcome of the present conflict. During the last few years books came from Dr. Gladden's pen every year. They deal with all phases of life, industrial, international, literary and religious. Every sphere of life belonged to God, was Dr. Gladden's belief, and he wished to bring all under His sway. He worked until the end and was just bringing out a volume of poems when death came.

Dr. Gladden was greatly interested in the activities of his own denomination, whose freedom he loved, and was intimately related to its various organizations. He was Moderator of the National Council for one term and during that time visited many of the churches, everywhere carrying his thoughtful, prophetic message of the Kingdom of God.

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